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MACLEAN'S

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2006

**MIDDLE AGE,
HIS MOTHER'S DEATH,
FAMILY PRESSURES,
A STRUGGLING TEAM,
BUSINESS SETBACKS,
NOW A GAMBLING MESS**

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**WAYNE GRETZKY AT
THE TEAM CANADA TRIALS**

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The Great Skate

JUMP START

[illegible]

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MAIL BAG
elect
all po

Left, right, left, right, left....

I am deeply disappointed with our election results. Canadians are such chickens when it comes to electing our government!" The an-

in some of the reporting. My plan now is to renew my subscription. Thanks for the great article.

Really appreciated your special edition of *Maclean's*, which gave readers much-needed insight into Canada's recent election campaign. I have always been curious about the complex intrigues and key people who steer the party leaders in their cross-country campaign efforts. Great writing along with historical context provided a very enjoyable read! Nicely summarized with your quote, "really deep down... it's shallow."

Pierre Goss, Calgary

In your special edition, in the last paragraph on page 42, a student chiding the first revision debate, a lady from Las Vegas, Que., asked if the participants would be willing to swear that they would keep their promises if elected. Well, look what happened to Mike Harris when he kept his promises. *Mark Thomson, Timbuctoo, Ont.*

[I have been watching federal elections since 1913, and I have never read a better synopsis of an election campaign than the one by Paul White. In depth, and covering all the discrepancies of all the parties, it should be required reading for all political parties, federal or provincial, before they go "to war" in their next campaign.]

—*AG Whicker, Kansas, Oct*

Why would the best Macbeth ever portray a rampant "Electron 2006 the most surprising and consequential campaign in a pretty 50-in." believe the carnival has generated a single consequence worthy of the ritual? Let me guess—we are living at the human moment when journalists finally throw the word "this time" into the dustbin of history.

—Jon Anderson, *Edinburgh*

This is a quick tip of the hat to Paul Wells & Co for the insightful post-election issues. The roundup and blow by blow accounts could be excellent reading for civics classes! I also loved the reference to "Denver" the constitutional dropout! I am still chuckling.
Paul Taylor, Ottawa

Kudos to Paul Wells and the Macdonald staff for their outstanding work on the special edition. It was fascinating to read about the

Much has been made in the pages of *Madison* about the reconstitution of Stephen Harper. Make no mistake, Harper is a far-right Jewish Republican. Leopards don't change their spots. Unless they're reconstituting, in which case...

may be convincing...

CLEANS

...daringly kept their mouths shut about the direction of Canada. These are people whose old blood

...more than to get the border between Canada and the U.S.

around. They've been talking about it in their church circles and social circles for years. A Case

surviving majority in the next election will mark the beginning of the end of Canada as an independent nation.

Who would have thought that a 30-page post-mortem of the recent federal election campaign would be so interesting to read that I could barely put it down? I found myself reading while waiting for my train in the morning. Kudos to Paul Wells for such a well-written article.

Andrea Nelson, *Frankford, Ohio*

I thoroughly enjoyed the Feb. 6 issue of *Maclean's*, especially "The Arnold story." I have noticed that *Maclean's* is losing us for left slant and is reporting fairly. I used to throw

the magazine away when it arrived and intended to send our subscribers. One day I decided to read an article and was pleasantly surprised by the apparent shift to the centre

The new face of cabinet: it's all a blur



PAUL WELLS

It's ironic, then, having won his seat into a Liberal riding that has swung into a Conservative government, David Emerson must resign from the Harper cabinet. He must run again as a by-election in Vancouver Kingsway. He should only be permitted to sit in the Conservative government if he manages, after all this fuss, to get in closer to a Liberal.

What's that, you say? You say he has to run as Conservative, not a Liberal? You say he should run for the party he seriously intends to serve in government? How odd. Emerson says. That's not precisely the sort of question a modern man like David Emerson expects. For except from the Emerson with reporters as the day he joined Harper's cabinet.

Question: "We're saying that if Mr. Martin had become prime minister you would have stayed with him and become minister in his cabinet?"

Emerson: "Well, absolutely."

Question: "How do you explain that weeks ago you were doing knocking for the Liberals and bringing in Liberal signs? That's weird, isn't it? Like, how do you explain that?"

Emerson: "Well, clearly I was elected to serve the people of Vancouver Kingsway."

Question: "As a Liberal?"

Emerson: "I will continue to serve them as the member of Parliament for Vancouver Kingsway. I have always served the people of my riding on a non-partisan basis. I run my office there on a non-partisan basis."

As the week evolved, this became a bit of a theme. "I think the [parliament] is a blur right," Emerson told the *Vancouver Sun*. "We're into a global recession, economically, social and environmentally."

Paraphrasing the minister, the *Sun*'s reporter added: "Emerson doesn't look down on those who are mindlessly partisan, but he doesn't think such partisanship is wise."

For members of Emerson's formerly bordering party, Emerson:

"Mr. Speaker, I have not been in this House for long," he said on April 12, 2005. "But one of the things I have learned is that the members opposite are obviously opportunistic, partisan and misleading the Canadian people."



EMERSON HAD ONCE voted against the Conservative version of a Canada where "the weak die"

Indeed, during his years—both of the Liberal and Conservative—time to serve Conservatives, singly and in groups, of "disgruntled malcontents," "muckrakers," "policed chicanery and skulduggery," "boothbaiters," and of thinking in ways that were "incoherent, they should sit down." And, as the last days of the recent campaign, Emerson said he was running against the Conservative vision of a Canada where "the weak die."

Clearly he would be uncomfortable meeting

He once accused Tories of 'disgusting maliciousness,' and 'muckraking' and 'skulduggery'

as a Tory. Sit at a cabinet table with them? Well, sure. The lines are blurring. We're into a global recession. But actually run for them? Today. "Vote Emerson and then, if you're weak, die." Never mind on shaky market appeal: how would it fit onto a campaign sign?

Besides, Emerson needs to ever wear Conservative colours because he doesn't believe he's changed his own. "I am pursuing the very agenda I got involved to pursue when I was in the Liberal party supporting Paul Martin," Emerson said. And it's true: Emerson never actually claimed that Martin agenda was about ensuring that the weak survive. When he accused his future colleagues of disingenuous the weak he didn't necessarily mean they had a monopoly on it, or that it was a bad thing.

One reason's clear to conclusion.

Or, on the other hand, go right ahead. "If you want to call it opportunistic, go ahead, fill the newspaper with it. I don't really care," Emerson said.

Actually, it's hard to know what to call it. Conservative MP James Loney used to think MPs should face a by-election if they defected. Now he disowns with, uh, his previous incarnation. "Party leaders would have too much control over MPs if they were not free to quit a caucus on matters of principle," Loney said.

One Loney in a fit effort. Unfortunately, Emerson's new boss is arguing that this wasn't a question of principle at all. In fact, that's the heart of the defence. Emerson "acted on Mr. Martin's loyalty and faithfulness," Stephen Harper told us on Monday. "Obviously that service is over so I decided to call him and suggest that I thought he'd be best used on the government benches rather than in opposition. I don't think you should view this as Conservative versus Liberal."

Later, Harper graciously allowed that he had "opened" superficial criticism over the Emerson switch. And here at *Maclean's*, we're always happy to oblige. But I'm not clear what the sophisticated defence was supposed to be. Emerson's switch to the Conservative political culture of B.C.'s Lower Mainland, where the art of doing is no big deal? Great. Give the exotic denizens of the Lower Mainland a chance to demonstrate their sophistication by replacing their own's post-partisan ship.

But it's a funny thing. The only people who seem really excited by Emerson's move are Conservatives eager to get the Liberals the guys that they're willing to overlook a little high sticking. So aware that was post-partisan as one or has been more partisan as either. The lines don't blur. Even when you wish they would. M



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Wake up, ostriches

Islam's in an expansionary phase. In case you hadn't noticed.



BARBARA ANIEL

With the exception of a brief moment as the University of Prince Edward Island's national newspaper, no Canadian publication, including this magazine, showed the Danish cartoons of Mohammed that caused worldwide violence by Muslims. To justify this omission, "unpublished" was a favorite word, "respect" a dose second. Foreign Minister Peter MacKay managed both, plus a drum roll of "diversity," "sensitivity," "tolerance" and "freedom of expression." The CBC's Alana Smith asked a couple of editors if they had been any discussion about printing the cartoons "for clarity," so Canadians could figure out what the fuss was about. Allan Myers, editor of the *Edmonton Journal*, looked perplexed. "No, no, no," he answered.

Perhaps one needs to have lived under sharia to get it. Canadianism's last Dutch MP, Agnes Huis, told this. The point, she explained, was that shariaism in Denmark could draw Jews, Moslems or God but were afraid for their fear to draw Muhammad. Journalists should not, and could not, care on or that, she insisted. I'll insist that one reason for the cartoon's aggression here is that public officers probably against our religiously-innocent Muslims—Muslim Mackay's "freedom of expression" notwithstanding. As it turns out, Denmark's Mohammed was not prohibited by the Koran. A statue of him stands in the U.S. Supreme Court building and signs of Islam hang in some mosques in the Muslim world. The "prohibition" is political, not Koranic.

It's unlikely that Indonesians throwing stones in Jakarta were subscribers to the *Jyl Jyl Jyl* Press, any more than Muslim Gaza or Lahore were. Since not a leaf is planted in Syria without government approval, it's likely that reached the Danish embassy in Damascus must have been drummed up by the Syrian authorities. The Danish Islamic group that printed the cartoon was established by Ahmed Abu Lahou, a 40-year-old Palestinian man given residence in Copenhagen with links to a Muslim Brotherhood, Yasir Arafat's Qatari. The cartoons are multiple. Syria's president, Bashar al-Assad, is under the gun from dissenters outside his country and for probable involvement in the assassination of former Lebanese prime minister Rafik Hariri—on any discretion is welcome. Displays of Islamic violence cause European governments who are currently in a state of panic.

Western and Islamic. Violence goes beyond the world's heart.

There's a lesson here should the world's heart be found out of the world. If there is not a radical course correction, Europe will become Islamicized within the lifetime of our children. As is the days when the Muslims conquered India and the Ottomans were up to the gates of Vienna, Islam is once more in an expansionary phase. The heretics of Western Europe are less, those of Islam less, and one does not have to be a great prophet to know what happens if a people cannot reproduce themselves. In January's *New Yorker*, Mark Steyn writes after watching a Washington television rally that "Western

Time perhaps to back off from the bland approach of the 'Happy Holidays' crowd

searching for their 'reproductive rights'—might like to ponder democratic realities. As he says, the changes of Gloria Steinem's successors bring able to dismiss. "Keep your Bitch off my back" from under barbarians. Normally, a people don't willingly acquiesce in the desire of their own culture, espe-



WILHELM PILLAI/PHOTO PICTURE CO. Syria's government is under the Danish embassy

cially one as aggressive as Western democracy, but one can see how it is in progress. Muslim immigration rules play and at the time, no one gave much thought to consequences. Germany worried about labour. France wanted to keep the fiction of its First Republic, and Britain was sentimental about the Commonwealth. Little attention was paid to integration, and Muslims may not have been ready to integrate anyway.

One can't see government programs would have helped. I doubt that North America could have ever got European

expellers to integrate with them. The Jews too came to Palestine weren't accepted as assimilating with Arab-Americans. Some immigrants don't want to integrate. British Muslims MP and affirmative action programs will get back to the same point. What Britain does not have, in common with most of its scope, is the political will to solve the situation.

In Damascus on Feb. 3, Hamas leader Khalid Masha'al said against the West's double standards. "They allow offences against Allah... but when it comes to them talk about the Holocaust, it's the sin of all sins... The West, which wove the slogans of liberty after the French Revolution, does not respect its own principles or slogans today. It violates them." Unfortunately, Khalid Masha'al speaks the truth. We may declare that freedom and human rights exist in Islam, but we cannot ignore the Holocaust, make a moral joke, use an ethnic slur and you face unemployment and persecution. We have made laws and allowed practices in our universities and workplaces that in the name of so-called human rights have denied the very values we claim to defend. Suffering such values is pressure group is a critical weakness of liberal democracy.

Canada has relatively small Islamic population. Moderate Muslims are probably the majority, but in a time of expansionism, the majority determines the course. Young Muslim immigrants in Canada add the tension of fundamentalism, and extremist clerics are making trouble. Chances are that the victory of the Islamic state.

Most Muslims are by and large moderate citizens who have only in the main stream. But some cities are developing an exclusively Muslim areas in which all city residents are Muslims. Canada is a culture in its own right and not a tabula rasa on which large groups of newcomers may impose their values. Time perhaps to back off from the bland approach of the "Happy Holidays" crowd with its herd of multiculturalism, and instead the historical tradition that peacefully assimilated immigrants to our shores in the first place. ■

The trouble with Gomery

As a way to fix the government, this report is a non-starter



ANDREW POTTER

The second instalment of the Gomery report ("Reassessing Annotated Policy") came out last week, assuming considerably less fanfare than its predecessor. One reason was timing with the election. Having tossed the Liberals from office in April, the report's arrival was a bit awkward. Another reason was the content, proposals for reform being far less interesting to a public sceptical about the government's competence. Indeed, those most interested in Gomery's Phase Two were going to be disappointed: the report's public-government goals, the sorts of people who worked up over suggestions as to how key members of the public accounts committee should serve, or whether we should rename the Privy Council "the Cabinet Secretariat."

It is dangerous, though, for us to leave Judge Gomery's second report to the winds,

Gomery assumes there's such a thing as 'normal politics.' Not in Canada. Not with a unity crisis.

precisely because it is so weakish. What is most striking about the report is what it doesn't discuss. Need a hint? It starts with "It's made in 'him,' and (and) has the power to fix the country again."

The working assumption of the report is that Ottawa has a governance problem. The picture Gomery draws is a familiar sketch of the federal government as a "friendly dictatorship" with a centralized executive, elected on a political-cum-civil service, society driven by an elected parliament. The recommendations are how to fix this reasonable something cooked up in a graduate public-sector seminar. The public accounts committee doesn't have enough resources to pay proper attention to the executive. Give the committee more resources. That is a problem with ministers exercising "political control" over the administration of their departments? Then a separate deputy minister to separate their shoulders in this important "winning" part of the government program, the unimpaired power in all of this, is stated not to be just separate propaganda exercise it was, but no, just another government commission on project on a par with those Participation side of Rick Mercer's One Canada Challenge.

As many commentators have pointed out, Gomery's recommendations assumed that,

identify, we could not an institutional or legal formal between government and civil servants—that is, between politics and administration. The logical consequence of this thinking is the suggestion, proposed most recently by Andrew Coyne, that Canada adopt the New Zealand model of governance. With this model, the relationship between the government and the bureaucracy is contractual, and each department is a sort of thing akin to a Crown corporation. The departments are autonomous legal entities from which the relevant political ministers "purchase" services, to be overseen by the deputy minister acting as CEO.

This might be a workable system in one province or territory. But as a way to organize

to extraordinary circumstances. It was never, they could rightly be accused of modesty in government of the Federation.

Julius book *Governing from the Centre*, Daniel Serfaty (senior director for the Gomery inquiry) tells the unhappy tale of how federal executive power has become steadily concentrated in the central agencies of Finance, the Treasury Board, and above all the PMO. At one level, it's a story of the steady erosion of power, of empire-building within a system that has no formal mechanism to check it. But the subtle tells of the complete dominance of the federal agenda—by the very people.

None of this justifies the crimes or abuses of the public purse and trust that were on under the guise of the sponsorship program. But it is crucial in explaining it. The point is, nothing about restoring accountability to the federal government without talking about accountability (as Gomery does) is like trying to



THE GOMERY PLAN: His recommendations resemble something cooked up in a public-sector seminar.

the federal government, it's a non-starter.

The problem, of course, is separate in Gomery's formulaic approach assumes that there is such a thing as "normal politics," a sphere within which policy can be decided by politicians and then turned over to the bureaucracy with minimal oversight. Not in Canada. Not when everything that the federal government is doing is the expression of the government's decision to do so. The decision to build a federal building in Ottawa is a good example of this. A national unity crisis can appear out of nowhere, which is why few decades' worth of prime ministers have felt the need to convene the real federal business with an ever tightening circle. The country is effectively engaged in a low-level and war, and its government has always had to resort

to an abuse power while ignoring his duties. Ottawa does not have an accountability problem because Canada has a unity problem.

The villains of the sponsorship program are no different from wartime profiteers, people who take advantage of the need for services, supply and control to cut corners, help their friends, and take a little on the side. But if we adapt Gomery's recommendations—effectively treating the symptoms of our problems while the disease still exists—we could be in for trouble. It would force the federal government to fight someone hand tied behind its back, in a cold and dry war that has no end and, and which the federal forces are not obviously winning. ■



MICHAEL FORTIER DOES CANADA A FAVOUR, DAVID EMERSON HAS A CHANGE OF HEART, AND TWO MPs MAKE A PRINCIPLED STAND

BAD NEWS

Walking the walk

Conservative Leader Stephen Harper promised himself on the recent campaign an issue to promote values of ethics and democratic accountability in Ottawa. On his first day as Prime Minister, he put his key campaign partner in Quebec on the public payroll, appointing Michael Fortier to the upper house. He also named the second Fortier in his cabinet as public works minister. At least Harper kept his promise of ethics and democratic accountability as he took the top of the political agenda.

Adding insults...

Public Works Minister Michael Fortier added to the suggestion he is just another "party hack" accepting a patronage job. He told reporters he was enjoying a lucrative career as an executive at a firm with TD Securities in Montreal before the PM called him to the record show he is an all-star party hack.

...to insolence

Public Works Minister Michael Fortier said it had never crossed his mind to actually run for Parliament in the recent election, he had a real job, earning real money, etc. He only agreed to move to Ottawa out of a sense of duty. "When the Prime Minister phoned me, I can't say I was jumping for joy." Clearly, it was an imposition for Harper to ask that Fortier put the indignation of standing for election, accept a lifetime appointment to the Senate, and step up as a significant ally of one of the highest-ranking figures in the government.

Who's angry now?

Much ink was spilled last week on David Emerson's defection from the Liberals to the Conservative and his unimpaired



STINGING WOUND: Public Works Minister Michael Fortier's appointment to the upper house last week, Thompson (top)

GOOD NEWS

Staying on message

Throughout the recent campaign, Conservative candidates went down to door knocking, better ethics and more accountability in government. They asked a vote for Stephen Harper's party was a vote against politics as usual. Thankfully, after candidates who won election are still willing to stand up for those principles, Veterans Affairs MP Myron Thompson said last week he finds David Emerson should resign and seek office in a by-election as a Conservative. "I think it would be the honourable thing to do."

Takes one to know one

Public Works Minister and self-appointed political ethicist Michael Fortier was critical of his own Conservative cabinet colleague, David Emerson. He argued that when a member of Parliament, elected in the free election of party choice to cross the floor and sit with another party, he should first resign his seat and then vote in a by-election. Alternatively, he could resign himself a Senate appointment and serve the voters calmly.

Hypocrisy watch

Stephen Harper has always been careful not to appear as a principle MP crossing the floor. Even when Ontario Senators needed

if they want to reach parties



'It's gone to the opposite extreme where now being married makes you the loser, makes you the boring woman at the dinner table'

JILLIAN STRAUS TALKS TO LINDA FROM

Attractive, hip and successful, 31-year-old Linda Purl is Gen X's perfect, "it's not a package." And yet, despite a power career as a producer on the Oprah Winfrey Show, and an earlier career of "bookies," her emotional life remained empty. To understand why she and so many of her fellow Gen Xers struggle with lovelessness and relationship confusion, Straus decided to interview 100 men and women in their 30s and 40s. The result is her new book *The Unhooked Generation*.

Q Is it harder to be single than it is to be married? It's not more difficult in the sense that the signs of being single have been removed. That's the great thing. But it's gone to the opposite extreme where now being married makes you the loser, makes you the boring woman at the dinner table. So while it's good not to be viewed as "the optimizer" anymore, it's more difficult to connect because you are getting so many messages from the culture that are anti-romanticism.

For example, the message that comes from TV is a lot of the divorcing television shows of my generation, *Desperate Housewives*, *Friends*, *Sex and the City*—I mean, I love them too, but not only do they make single life very sexy, they also make marriage and family life look boring and miserable and...disgusting. So why the heck would

you want to get married?

And this generation's fixation with celebrity couples problems too, right?

Absolutely. We're not out over the head with this idea that marriage is disposable. You could marry, I'm going, a list of celebrities who got married and divorced in the same year. Celebrities' lives are glorified and we want to be like them. We want to look like them. We want their lifestyle. And a big part of their lifestyle is having sex and all relationships. You say that Generation X men and women make 30s and 40s places an extremely high value on independence. In living for a career, a relationship or marriage considered a sign of weakness?

No. It's very easy for people of my generation to say they want to "hook up," but it's very difficult for them to say, "I want an intimate relationship." Both the men and women I interviewed had a hard time admitting that.

Can you explain what the term "hooking up" means to this generation?

Hooking up means coming from your kitchen to your living room to getting undressed with someone. It can also mean intercourse. It can mean a whole range of things. And it's with someone you're not very serious about.

It could be by a friend. It could be with someone you just met. Everything is with someone you're not serious about. "Hooking up" is the term that men use to describe everything from the physical to the emotional to the sexual.

Do you miss your own hookups and your hookups in the book?

A Yes. And can I tell you—Sandra the Gay lady—it's still hard for me to believe that female psychology has changed so much over the decades that women are now afraid from their kind of sexual encounters?

Well, when I found out that some people found it liberating to have these kinds of sex in the beginning, but over time, both the men and women I talked to found that it was isolating. You know, I was surprised to interview some very attractive, interesting, successful men who said, "Linda, I've done the casual sex thing. I'm over it. I want to get to know someone." In fact, the men found that they were often the ones who had to ask the women to wait and put off sex. I think a lot of people would be interested to know that men do actually feel that way.

Oh, I was struck to read about some of the women in your book who told you that they go to bed right away with men they aren't interested in. But with the ones they like they hold off.

Right, mostly men don't want to be labeled negatively by someone you like. And yet, if you are a single woman you may feel like you've got your needs as well. So you take them out on the page you don't like?

Some women told me they still did. That was something I was surprised to find but I understand why. Given that a double standard still exists, going to bed with a man was soon a self-satisfying thing that held against women.

I think you make a really profound point when you say that one of the things that stands in the way of the happiness of Gen Xers is the "multiple choice culture" that we live in. We have become such and consumers of disposable goods that this acquisition mentality gets applied to the love world as well. One of the women you interviewed put it like this: "Marriage is very dead. It is like the most expensive thing in the world, and it's not renewable."

Yes. There is something that our parents' generation had to deal with was much less extreme. We were serious choices, and those choices are magnified by technology. If you look at it, you've always got the seven cellphones coming out. Ork's not the iPad anymore, it's the iPad. Or the salt water computer—you've got to get the latest and greatest. There is this idea that newer is better. I think that you can't help sometimes but relate that to your personal life and think, well, this person is great, but maybe there is somebody else out there who might be better. I can resist a new attractive woman or a more successful man. I heard it repeated over and over that people were afraid of "settling" because "somebody better might come along."

Another obstacle to finding love for this generation, as you point out in your book, is that there is a "icky effort" mentality. There is so much impervious to sex things through which things get through. Subconsciously men's own minds to a spouse, a girlfriend, is not of fashion. As you write, the biggest barrier this generation has had to make is "giving up control." The volatility of differing needs oriented.

We do live in such an immediate gratification time. So that when you first start dating or go into a relationship for a couple of weeks, when it gets dull, or when it gets hard and requires a bit of effort, there is a temptation to think, "Oh, this might not be right. Let me find someone else." And I'm not saying that. It's not necessary for people with various depression, but I live in New York, and here, people take it more when they get the wrong idea, or their doctors will get with it after a breakup. There is a sense that "I shouldn't have to feel any pain or suffering." Members of an older generation might say a little reflecting is good once in a while. It gives perspective and when you go through the hard times, it brings you closer together. So for our generation, we want the fast, we want the immediacy, but we don't want to ride out the slow times, or the rough times.

So what you are saying here is that Gen Xers are spoiled brats who aren't willing to put in the effort to make their relationships work?

I don't want to say that we're spoiled because I think this generation works very, very hard. We definitely have a strong work ethic when it comes to work. And we do get into the work. We are living in a very career-centric time. Many of my friends work 100-hour weeks, they work on the weekends, and then after that they go to the gym. We know that we have to put the effort in to get a shape or get the promotion at work, but we think that love should be the same, any thing in our lives. It should be magical. We should encounter someone and fall in love. And unfortunately, it doesn't happen that way. I think we like to think, "Oh, I found my soulmate rather than I created my soulmate."

Having identified some of the obstacles to modern love, do you have any sense of how these obstacles might be overcome?

Absolutely, there's a lot we can do. We can turn off the computer. We can stop creating and making, and not managing each other and just get to know each other face-to-face. We can drop our extensive checklists. Or, best of all, we can do things that are more vulnerable than "Is he over his first?" "Does he have this kind of job?" "Does he like porn?" Because I like porn. I think we can do those things. It would mean you can't be so self-protective. We obviously need chemistry in a relationship. But the exact picture of what that person is going to look like, you need to be a little more flexible about it. And also this is a big one: stop expecting love to happen overnight. Stop on putting in instantly more your soulmate and know in five minutes when it or not you are going to spend the rest of your life together. Many people told me they fell in love with their wife in the fifth date or that on the 10th date they fell in love with their husband.

Q You grew up in a happy home. Your parents are very much in love. We understand that the divorce epidemic had a negative effect on love. Gen Xers now marriage, but one growing up amidst "perfect love" he's exhibiting too?

Absolutely, because the each member of my generation divorce is the best of both worlds in a divorce, but I live in New York, and here, people take it more when they get the wrong idea, or their doctors will get with it after a breakup. There is a sense that "I shouldn't have to feel any pain or suffering." Members of an older generation might say a little reflecting is good once in a while. It gives perspective and when you go through the hard times, it brings you closer together. So for our generation, we want the fast, we want the immediacy, but we don't want to ride out the slow times, or the rough times.

You are now in a committed relationship, which you weren't when you started this book. Did the process of writing it help you achieve that relationship?

Interviewing all these men and women—

It was like looking in a mirror. It was so eye-opening because I saw the things I was doing wrong and that I didn't know I was doing wrong. It's not so easy to recognize in ourselves. And I realized, after I signed a lot of dates, that I was putting up roadblocks to finding love. But when I saw other people doing the same thing, a really was a wake-up call for me. And so I approach this new relationship differently from other relationships I have had in the past with men. And I think that's the reason why we are still together. Talk about a shocked Miss was a talking but I've learned to focus on the things that are of absolute importance to me and put those at the top of the list.



'The men found they were often the ones who had to ask the women to wait and put off sex'

I'm guessing that after your first date you didn't answer to the world that you had found your soulmate. You obviously feel that's one of the big mistakes that this generation makes.

Well, that's such a loaded term. Everybody I interviewed seemed to use that term. I'm not strong enough asking myself, "Is this my soulmate?" I am appreciating all the wonderful things this person is adding to my life. But if you keep asking yourself, over and over, "Is this my soulmate?" who is going to be able to live up to that standard? So—is this hookup going to become a marriage? Well, time will tell. H

associated with
American evangelists, a brand

of Christianity that has a relatively small following in Canada. In this view, Harper appears to have more in common with President George W. Bush, a born-again Christian, than with his predecessors. At the East Gate Alliance Church, the hymnals even contain the song *America, the Beautiful*. "Blessed is the nation whose God is the Lord," they read. The church looks and sounds nothing like the ornate, steel-Catholic churches are noted by past prime ministers. There is no choir, organ or pews. Instead, there is a drum kit, guitars, piano and metal chairs. There is a large wooden cross at the front, but little else by way of decoration. The pastor uses PowerPoint graphics, projected onto the building's pale pink walls to highlight his sermon. Worshippers are encouraged to clap or raise their hands to the sky while singing.

It is not unlike a Baptist church. There is a strong emphasis on the coming of one's faith and on the authority of the Bible. There is an emphasis on the physical healing powers of Jesus Christ (at the end of the service the pastor asks the sick to come up to be anointed with oil). In this church lobby, there are people opposing stem cell research and opposing the rights of abortion. And like many other religions, including the Roman Catholic faith, the church opposes gay marriage.

The Christian and Missionary Alliance church was founded by a Presbyterian Canadian pastor, Albert Simpson, in 1837, originally as a "mission society" rather than a distinct denomination. Simpson was motivated by a desire to spread the Gospel to the farthest corners of the world, and quickly established a significant evangelical following in both the United States and Canada, though it doesn't officially belong to either denomination.

The hymnals even contain the song *America, the Beautiful*—and the words, "Blessed is the nation whose God is the Lord"

was used by 1776. Even more so than other evangelical churches, the Christian and Missionary Alliance considers organized missionary and relief work in one of its central functions. There are now about 2,000 congregations in 75 countries, including one in Baghdad. This "international aspect" is one of the key draws for Harper, according to Lloyd Mackay, the author of the book *The Pragmatism of Stephen Harper*.

Still, the depth of Harper's faith is something of a question mark. "He is a fairly devoutly religious person," says Mackay. Harper has roots in the Presbyterian and United



GOOD BLESS CANADA: Many prime ministers have been men of faith who've hidden it well

churches, but after moving to Calgary to do an M.A. in economics, he turned to the evangelical faith under the influence of people like Priscilla Manning and Diana Albeny, and by reading C.S. Lewis, says Mackay. But Harper is not all that different from Paul Martin, both being what golfers might call "customizing Christians." They take their faith seriously, and listen carefully to what their spiritual leaders have to say, but they don't necessarily accept everything as absolute truth that's said from the pulpit, says Mackay. "In other words, they use the words that God gave them. It's very cerebral and rational, and that's the kind of thing that's reflected in his faith."

Harper has inherited a party with roots in the Albertan tradition of Jewish politicians, exemplified by William "Bible Bill" Albert, Ernest Manning, and his son, Preston. But he's also performing a balancing act between his party's social and progressive conservatives, says John G. Stockhouse, a theology professor at Regent College at the University of British Columbia. Harper's new habit of ending speeches with "God Bless Canada" may be partly tied to his party's religious concerns. "He is essentially signalling to some of his constituents that he does observe Christianity of the faithless party is still alive and well in the new Conservative party, but he's also careful to signal to everyone else that this is a safely generic ideal of piety," says Stockhouse.

Harper is not the first Conservative leader to find himself with an evangelical segment in his caucus. In the early 1970s, Robert Stanfield's party absorbed the remnants of Social Credit, along with its evangelical element. That influence resurfaced through to the Mulroney era and became known as the "God Squad" (it included MPs like Jake Epp and John Ronsavay). The evangelical block in the old party "was just about as strong as it is in the new Conservative party," says Mackay.

Canadians have long been squeamish about religious politics, dating back to early conflicts between the French and English. "Because religion has been very divisive and because of the dominance of a Catholic Quebec, what politicians quickly learned is that burying religion was probably a good idea," says David Marshall, the head of the history department at the University of Calgary. Yet religion has never been far removed from the political sphere, with references to God in the Constitution and the national anthem, points out Bill Blaikie, a United Church member and NDP MP. Many leaders on the political left have worn their faith on their sleeve, without drawing any attention, says Blaikie. Harper himself echoes those sentiments. "The expression of church and state is an American constitutional doctrine," he wrote in *Week Today* magazine last month. "It does not mean this faith has no place in public life or the public square."



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BY THE WAY: It was a close vote. People supported the 'Yes' because they wanted to—they wanted their share of power.

LOSING CONDITIONS

Now humbled, sovereigntists aren't talking about a referendum anymore

BY ROBERT ARON—Le Progrès have spoken, and the election of a minority Conservative government with a foothold in Quebec has suggested a political dead-end in the province that leaves the pendulum becalmed, the federal Liberals reeling on the floor, and the *Québécois* feeling like *Wile E. Coyote* just past the edge of the cliff. The winner in Ottawa has also sent the Parti Québécois scrambling for a revised strategy against a beleaguered Jean Charest—who is now apparently back among the living. "Call it a Big Bang," says Montreal pollster Jean Marc Lévesque. "Quebec voters have embarked on a major political bomb-clearing party: The two parties close debate on the political debate, one both imploding. And my hunch is the voters aren't done yet."

The Liberals finished third in Quebec with 28.7 per cent of the vote, one of their worst performances since Confederation, falling to 35 seats from 56 in 2000. The Bloc Québécois, back to its pre-George Stroumboulis of 61 per cent support, still holds 25 of the province's 75 seats, down from 34 at the last election. The Conservatives won 16, in the process picking up roughly the same number of votes in Quebec as

they did in their stronghold of Alberta: just short of one million. "And now, even those who didn't vote for them want them to succeed," Lévesque says.

The federal election has meant "a momentous upset for the sovereigntist movement," says Yves Dupuis, a Montreal consultant who's been dabbling in local politics since being gunned down for René Lévesque in the 1990s. Dupuis knows a bandwagon when he sees one.

"Quebec's only priority will be to win a majority anytime, and he has more growth potential here than anywhere else, so expect them to be very nice to Quebec," he says. "At the blue wave swells, watch for differences from all sides who will want to join in." How

did this happen? "The federal voters were the first to drop the Liberals for the Conservatives early on in the campaign," says Claude Gauthier, chief political pollster at CROP. "In the last run, you could see Bloc supporters gravitate toward the Conservatives as well."

The Conservative breakthrough in Quebec

was on *Bleu*, and voters knew what they were doing when they supported them, according to Steven Laughlin, a sociology professor at Université Laval in Quebec City. "It was an ironic vote. People supported the Blocs because they wanted us, they wanted their share of power." The Bloc's potential oppositionists—"defending Quebec's interests" from the natives—have lost some of its appeal, it seems.

Since the failure of the March 14th second and third referendums of 1995, the federal Liberals and the separatists had cultivated their positions. That last stage middle ground open-betweeners or outlying federalists and outright separatists—for the Times-to-dimmer themselves. Many Quebec voters believe in the rock and the hard place but grateful for the support. Harper's spectacular breakthrough in Quebec—down to 10.4 per cent support in a few weeks, welcome a big oppositionist, "shows that many Quebecers want to stay in Canada, provided they receive positive signals, and that there is good faith and room to accommodate and negotiate things," says André Primeau, chief federal affairs at Monroville & LaPresse.

Most revealing: the Times noted the bulk of their gains in the 418 area code—the historical core of Montreal, including Quebec City and the Saguenay, traditional nonseparatist turf.

Ever since Pierre Trudeau and the rights, in general, national has been, at its heart, a pitched battle between two groups of French

Canadians, shared in their respective capital cities. No more. How to stay as Anglo Prime Minister from Alberta who systematically uses French first when speaking in Ottawa? "The problem of the sovereigntists now is they don't have a really identifiable enemy anymore," Dupuis says.

Just a few weeks ago, a confident Parti Québécois was teaching referendum plans to follow their expected victory over an embattled Charest—in an election still about two years away. But they've now selected opponents. "The election has brought us back with both feet firmly on the ground," notes PQ MNA Jean-Yves Charbonneau, still blacked out for the Bloc, with its numbers doped up by the sponsorship scandal, it counted through a campaign—and came up short. "Overconfidence, and underestimating your opponents, is always the worst possible mistake in politics," Charbonneau says.

Overconfidence as more: The PQ's looking over its shoulder now. A new left wing party, Quebec Solidaire, was launched just last week. Like the Green party, which pulled up momentum during this campaign, its supporters may be favorable cooperation, but they don't make it their priority. The PQ's new leader, André Bonin, is a strong admirer, but he has yet to get right with people's eyes. "We PQ leaders say, like most observers in the province, Yves Dupuis believes that the PQ won't be able to topple the Charest government if it sticks to its current platform," it calls for holding conferences on separation (association with Canada optional) immediately after coming to power.

So, separation dead, one more time, and Canada saved, once again? "Good!" André Primeau says. "There are still 60 per cent of people who would vote for sovereignty, and that's not likely to go down fast. But the election has opened a new window of opportunity—let's see what the politicians can make of it."

Many observers were baffled by how quickly a small group to win over a quarter of Quebec voters, with vague promises of flexible federalism, decentralism and improved fiscal balance. But one of them: "It shows what I've always said—that most Quebecers are eager to stay in Canada, provided they get the right signals and some reassurance," says Senator Jean Claude Roberge, who was a key player when first he was interrupted by the Mulroney Conservatives in March 1984. "The Harper must make sure to keep the expectations under control, and deliver quickly."

The last time a majority of Quebecers was so agreeable to (or over) the separation was in the weeks following the collapse of March 14th, too bad for the *Québécois*, they were not in power at the time. For now, while Harper was at one time for national reconciliation, all they can do is sit tight—and hope for things to go wrong again. ■

CODENAMES

WHERE SOFTWARE GEEKS GO TO FIND INSPIRATION

BY NANCY MACDONALD—What if it with Microsoft designers and Whistler, B.C.'s high-tech industry, codenamed Gatos by engineers and designers are excited to go with before they hit the shelves. Microsoft's latest offerings show its maker's knowledge of the low key but our smallest town that is one of the province's premiere destinations—and just 300 km north of Microsoft's Redmond, Wash., headquarters.

Microsoft (now Windows XP Media Center Edition 2004) was named for a Whistler ski lift, and Symphonix (the 2005 edition) for a local alpine hero. Robert (Windows Small Business Server 2003) was named after a Whistler snowboarder park, Longhorn (a security update) after a run on neighbouring Blackcomb, and Cougar (an SRS update due in 2007) was named after the area's Cougar Mountain. Windows Vista, meanwhile, Microsoft's yet to be released operating system, is more widely known by its code name, Longhorn, becoming a local hero.

Running high in the Gatos was inspired there. Microsoft would't comment on Gatos' "personal life," but spokesman Jessica Cramer explained the low behind the name: "There were two famous residents of Whistler on the horizon," she said. "One was codenamed Whistler (which became 100% Windows XP), and the other was named Blackcomb (now renamed Verano, its release is expected around 2011). Between them, an order was added that bridged the two: it was named Longhorn after the colour, named between Whistler and Blackcomb."

As the discovery had back Longhorn, Microsoft's the name of the game, according to the first, one of a legion of five signs and Ugg-bug-bug staff who refused to deal on the release details of the code. But the bar, which features "luxury appeal" also speaks (Microsoft's) (Schwartz and Bailey), is known as the heart of the code. Cameron Diaz and Jane Fonda, Pamela Anderson and Tommy Lee have all been sighted,



BLACKBOMB: The Microsoft connection.

Harmony, Symphony, and Longhorn are all drawn from Whistler—but don't let on

and the BlackTide Peninsula gave a private show there. When pressed, owner Jerry Gibbons admits to housing Microsoft's parties, although he never tried to capitalize on the association. "The complaint was against," he says, "when Microsoft chose their project name." After that, he remains tight-lipped—who may be what his secret software games next after. ■



BUSY DAD PRIORITIZES TASKS AND WINS

"I didn't say it in the election because I didn't want to run in the election. I had a great career, five young kids, and so it wasn't the right situation for me to run when the election was around. That's just the simple truth. The Prime Minister picked me and there was going to be this opening hole in the Montreal area." So said Michael Fortin on the announcement of running for office. Last week he entered the Harper cabinet as a pending Senate appointment.

YES, MASTER

HOW WESTERN COMPANIES ARE SELLING THEIR SOULS FOR A PIECE OF THE MASSIVE CHINESE MARKET

BY STEVE MARCH • In mid-March 2000, *do.com* came within 100 pages, and the World Wide Web still seemed devoted to being fabulous worlds, not the Web and precious freedom to every dark corner of the globe. U.S. President Bill Clinton took the stage at Johns Hopkins University, expounding on the promise of democracy and freedom as the information age. Increased trade, engagement and technology would inevitably help open and democratize the Internet holdings like China, he said. The few remaining hard liners, clinging dogmatically to the past, were on the run. "Now there's no question China has been trying to crack down on the Internet," Clinton said, pausing to smile at his audience before delivering the triumphant punch line. "Good luck." Laughter and applause.

Misreading the Internet might have seemed like an impossibility when Amazon.com was creating just 100 jobs a year, but almost six years later John Kasser looks back on the irony of Clinton's boast with a wistful laugh. "Guess what, Bill? They didn't need luck, they needed something else, and they got it," a former executive with Occidental Chemical Corp. and ex-president of the American Chamber of Commerce in Hong Kong. Kasser has spent the past 16 years working for human rights reform in China. He has petitioned Chinese authorities on behalf of close to 1,000 political prisoners, and secured release or



PHOTO: JEFFREY M. HARRIS FOR THE NEW YORK TIMES

immunity for hundreds. But lately, he has watched in disbelief as some of the world's biggest corporations quickly complied with China's most audacious crackdown on years.

Today, China employs approximately 30,000 cyber-police to monitor Web traffic and post tags from the country's roughly 111 million Internet users. Writing articles "incompatible with the mainstream ideology" is prohibited. Posting messages that "damage the reputation of the state" can get you arrested. And publishing anything deemed to be a state secret can carry the death penalty. The list of banned websites now stands at 500,000 and growing.

Even with the full weight of the Communist regime behind it, the censorship effort would have been futile without equipment and know-how supplied by Western vendors like Cisco Systems Inc., Sun Microsystems Inc. and Nortel Networks Corp. And with the world's most dominant Internet companies—Google, Yahoo! and Microsoft—in a blind rush for a piece of China's spectacular wealth, Beijing has found all the willing accomplices it needs to strip the Internet of its anonymity, its freedom, and as such it is now another sort of repression.

Google and Microsoft have merely licensed Chinese versions of their Internet software that block access to topics that irritate China's ruling party, such as democracy and Tibet. Yahoo! secretly handed over a Chinese journalist to authorities after he posted information critical of the government on an Internet message board.

But the question of human rights and corporate ethics in China go far beyond a single industry and a handful of companies. China's emergence as an industrial and economic power represents the biggest economic revolution in a generation, and the odds to succeed, unless Western business is willing to sell out, are ugly compromise at a time. This month, U.S. Senator Anthony Weiner introduced legislation for the Asia-Pacific region, vetoed before the U.S. congressional human

rights caucus, urging lawmakers to rein in big business before any more principles are sacrificed. "In the pursuit of new and lucrative markets, these IT companies are contributing to human rights violations," Weiner said. "Unless strong action is taken, this type of practice will not only increase, but is likely to move into other areas, which will lead to disastrous impacts on the Chinese people."

So far, there's little sign of any of the strong action activists are pleading for. This week, representatives from all three Internet companies as well as China Systems have been summoned before the U.S. congressional subcommittee overseeing global human rights, where they're sure to face a grilling over their actions in China. But it's not clear how far Western lawmakers are willing to go to defend

of hypocrisy in view of its strategy in China. Suddenly, its cherry-picked "don't be evil" just seems like another piece of corporate spin.

Google is certainly not alone. In recent months, Microsoft struck a similar deal, licensing the site of the "democracy" and "Dai Lai Lama" on the Chinese version of its Web publishing software. More recently, it agreed to a Chinese request to shut down Internet blog belonging to prominent pro-democracy dissident Zhao Jing. But perhaps the most chilling case was that of Shi Tao, a Chinese journalist recently sentenced to 10 years in prison for divulging state secrets over the Net. The anonymous postcard that the government's planned arrest coverage of the anniversary of the Tiananmen Square protests in a pro-democracy website, and Yahoo! handed over his identity

CENSORSHIP WOULD HAVE BEEN FUTILE WITHOUT

THE COMPLIANCE OF WESTERN COMPANIES

human rights in the world's fastest growing market. Critics say it comes down to a fundamental clash between profit and social conscience, being waged across virtually every sector of the economy. But the Internet industry's recent string of capitulations test a new standard of cultural virtue.

When Google agreed last month to launch a Chinese version of its Internet search engine that censored its information covered by the Chinese government and blacked access to the company's anonymous Gmail program, it blew a gaping hole in its carefully measured "good guy" image. Just a week before Google's bow to China's demands, the company had refused to co-operate with a U.S. Justice Department investigation into online pornography. The facts did not weaken information about specific users, only data on the amount of traffic to certain sites over a one-month period. But Google said the request was too invasive and that it might expose trade secrets. Reports Without Borders called Google's professed commitment to privacy "the height

of Chinese authorities, anticipating a source of protest around the world.

Chris Smith, the Republican representative from New Jersey who chairs the congressional subcommittee on human rights, has been one of the industry's most ardent critics, and is sponsoring a draft bill that would require Web companies to establish a code of

ETHICS. Google's recent move sounds like quite



CHINA EMPLOYS 30,000 CYBER-POLICE TO MONITOR WEB TRAFFIC FOR ARTICLES THAT OFFEND THE RULING PARTY



DISRUPTOR: Yahoo founders in David Fife (left) and Jerry Yang (right) with CEO Tim Berners-Lee. The company headed over journalist Shao to police

confronting for spending in repressive regimes, prohibiting them from facilitating unacceptable censorship or co-opting in the abuse of human rights. But getting companies to reinvent themselves means more easily and than those. China's state deals with Canada, the U.S. and the European Union governments highlighting powers whenever talk turns to sanctions and reformations, and with every year of supercharged economic growth, its clout increases.

but we've never really reached a consensus. And that's our goal, too."

With so much at stake, few paused to ask what moral compromises would be necessary to pursue poverty-stricken backwater as the world's next great industrial filter, even if it is a dilemma. The massive Three Gorges Dam reprogram on the Yangtze River may stand as the most dramatic example of Western

the mid-1990s, and "Korean Canada" trade names traded across the Chinese countryside promoting their diets, few stopped to consider the forced evacuation of roughly two million people living in low-lying areas to be flooded by the dam.

In this day, public criticism of the Three Gorges development is prohibited in China, and the project stands as a black mark on Canada's human rights record abroad, says Patricia Adams, executive director of Probe International, environmental group based in Toronto. "Three Gorges Dam is a special case because it's so big and has been so notorious. But it's just one of many, many projects, and I think shows the difficulty of dealing with a dictatorship," she says. "The principle should be, 'do no harm.' You have to be willing to walk away from a project if it violates your principles. China will change and it is changing, but when you're dealing with a government that maintains an ideology, it's just unlikely to embrace companies as well."

After years of positive momentum, it appears the more aggressive and authoritarian forces within China are beginning to restrain themselves. International reports that tens of thousands of people continue to be arbitrarily imprisoned every year. It estimates that closer to 100,000 people are detained in "re-education through labor" camps across the country. One such camp is now home to Mai Hengfeng, who was repeatedly

nausea, reportedly for failing to control the surfing habits of his parents.

Big business acknowledges those problems, but CEOs claim they are not equipped to deal with them. They say only governments to government intervention can change the course of public policy. For the most part, companies must that their main purpose

is to ensure a safe and healthy lifestyle and freedom of the population, and the recent censorship controversy is no exception.

In the middle of the Google fiasco, company co-founder Sergey Brin told a reporter that a censorious filter is better than none at all. "It's ultimately a difficult decision, but we felt that by participating there, and making



holders to engage a community and to a sense of history right. I just don't buy it," Kumar says. "When we learn at Microsoft, it's how violence international human rights law, then you're obligated to follow it. And China, it's a regulation that contravenes a law, that it's illegal. When [Yahoo founder] Jerry Yang says we have to respect the law, regulations and contents of the countries we operate in, well, okay, what are those? Please show us the regulation that says you had to head over the law's nose."

Kumar says Westerners have a basic misconception that China is just plowing ahead, imperious to the opinion of its neighboring world leaders. Nothing could be further from the truth, he says. In fact, many in China's ruling elite are hypersensitive to the perception that it is an oppressive, repressive, totalitarian regime. They want to see an academic, moderate, and worthy of the superpower status implied by China's size, power and legacy. Most Westerners also don't realize that article 35 of China's constitution guarantees the right to freedom of speech, and it's the press.

If businesses were to show as much concern for the rights of Chinese citizens as they do in the West, China would be a far more liberal place than it is today. "Business people are supposed to be able to do this kind of thing, they should be trained at it," Kumar says. "One of the things I've seen is that something like we were to be really difficult. That's what's taking away it, but after more than a decade of conflict and lobbying efforts

informed a decade that would change the course of corporate world events.

At that time, the world's biggest automaker also happened to be the largest employer of blacks in South Africa, where the apartheid regime mandated that companies maintain strict racial segregation in the workplace, and



THREE GORGES: Two million forced, Gao (left)

prevented blacks from holding management positions. For more than 15 years, Sullivan used his position as GM's board to test every approach he could think of to get the company to change its stance. In 1977, Sullivan drafted a list of proposals advocating equal rights and opportunities for GM's black workers. The company adopted the principles even though they directly ran counter to South African law, and over the next decade Sullivan convinced more than 100 Western companies to follow suit. Finally, in 1986, he convinced the South African government that it would begin encouraging companies to pull out of the country altogether unless apartheid was abandoned. In 1994, when the legal structure of apartheid was officially dismantled, it was due in no small measure to the pressure of the international business community.

Leon Yang, Microsoft's liaison to whom Sullivan helped accomplish and wonders where all that courage has gone. Sullivan died in 2001 at the age of 78, and Sullivan doesn't seem to be anyone making it all his skin. "He made it okay for companies to operate in South Africa, unapologetically by saying, 'We're going to do business here but we're going to be civilly disobedient, because we believe the laws are immoral, irresponsible and unethical.' So when Africanized the foreign investment, it so turned a blind eye and ultimately a pedestal. But business is making the opportunity to do the same thing in China."

John Kumar, though, isn't holding his breath. "China isn't South Africa," he says. "It's when it was an important country, South Africa never even came close to the level of importance being afforded this place. They were willing to cut off their policy if necessary with South Africa, but nobody is even willing to contemplate losing the great

I DO NOT BELIEVE COMPANIES ARE FACING OVERWHELMING PRESSURE FROM

SHAREHOLDERS TO ABUSE HUMAN RIGHTS. I JUST DON'T BUY IT.

According to its records of labor law, you're not permitted to permanently purchasing the workforce over a fixed duration the employment 15 years ago. But nowhere is the crackdown more evident than in the case of these jobs, John Berners-Lee, chief executive, pro-Canadian papers have run the risk of being that kind of they stay from the party line, and hundreds of Internet sites have been closed in recent

ing our services more available, even if not to the 100 per cent that we ideally would like, will be better for Chinese Web users, because ultimately they would get more information, though not quite all of it. Google CEO Eric Schmidt, chairing on that point, warning that it did not conflict with Google's "don't be evil" ethos. "We actually did not end up, and decided that not to serve in all was wrong

but of Canadian leaders as they do in the West, China would be a far more liberal place than it is today. "Business people are supposed to be able to do this kind of thing, they should be trained at it," Kumar says. "One of the things I've seen is that something like we were to be really difficult. That's what's taking away it, but after more than a decade of conflict and lobbying efforts

businesses, companies in China's economic development, without much thought for the human toll. Several Canadian companies, including Maclean's engineering giant SNC-Lavalin, Aérospatiale Canada, Hydro-Québec and Dominion Bridge Inc., have been involved in major aspects of the Three Gorges dam project, many of them having brought money through Export Development Canada and the Canadian International Development Agency. But, as the project seemed almost

ARTICLE 35 OF CHINA'S CONSTITUTION GUARANTEES FREEDOM OF SPEECH AND THE PRESS



COURTESY OF CANADA: Critics say Canada had when here lost the will to fight for human rights.

civil," Schmidt said. Yahoo! and Microsoft offer similar justifications, arguing that even if they wanted to fight for greater freedoms on the Web, their hands are tied by local laws. And besides, BDO says any expression taken as a search for the integrity of individual Web surfers. "The ability to really withhold information is no longer able," he said recently, in defense of Microsoft's censorship policy. "If there is a danger by the population to know something, it is going to get out."

More of that holds water with Kumar. In 1999, he founded the Dai Wei Foundation, which means "dialogue" in Chinese. That organization first uncovered evidence that Yahoo

profile. Gao, Kumar has yet to convert a single one to make the promotion of human rights part of their strategy in China.

That's especially depressing, considering that business leaders have shown in the past they can be agents of profound social change, on those rare occasions when they put their mind to it. In 1991, General Nelson G. invited a black preacher named Leon Sullivan to preach a message of apartheid. Sullivan was a well-known figure in the U.S. and rights movement, and then against the 1960s had opposed several boycotts of American companies that refused to respect equal rights for blacks. When he joined the board of GM, Sullivan

Back to school

Teaching is fast becoming the career choice of choice

BY KAREN JACON — Right now, faculties of education across the country are dealing with the onslaught of applications from thousands of would-be teachers. At the Ontario Institute for Studies in Education (OISE), they're sifting through roughly 6,000 applications that arrived before Dec. 1 for the 1,200 spots in OISE's Bachelor of Education program. At the University of Alberta and British Columbia, applications are piling up ahead of the March deadline. But think of a government who teaches: Chances are you'll come up with someone like John Rastner (above) Williams in *Dead Poets Society* or Joan MarCUS (Magpie Smith in *The Prince of New York*), who for better or worse dedicated their lives to teaching. That's changing. If this year follows the pattern of recent years, next fiscal year of education will be evaluating a large number of applicants who have already had successful careers in other fields.

At the University of Toronto's OISE, the country's biggest teacher factory, the average age has been slowly rising toward 30. In 2004-05, it was 29.1, up from 29.0 in 2003-04. And even OISE's younger students are likely to have spent a few years in the workforce before heading into teacher training. "We get lawyers, engineers, pharmacists, and welders," says Ian MacLeod, assistant registrar responsible for central teacher education admissions at OISE. "Almost the only people we don't get are farmers."

The pattern is similar at UBC's faculty of education, where Gary Parr, program coordinator of the teacher education program, routinely asks applicants about engineering and business, and has received a report that in applicants from the tech industry. The University of Alberta, meanwhile, has lawyers, police officers, tradespeople, accountants, nurses and dental hygienists in its adult degree student education programs, where the average age is



STAFFER His grip back worked as a substitute before going back

34 for full-time students, and 34 for part-time. "Although we are not seeing a change in the average age at enrollment, it seems to me that we're looking at a collective shift of values in society," says Pam Smart, dean of education at the University of Alberta. "People over the past two decades have tended to select toward choices of careers that were economically driven. With more low interest, however, as we are starting to drive people, people have a real sense of the collective. If they have developed gifts and talents in their first careers or through life experiences, this is a way they give back."

She could be talking about Rod Taylor, 35, a retired executive from one of Canada's airlines who is training at OISE to be a high school English teacher. "I decided I wanted something completely different from the teacher chape in the teacher outfit," he says. "The economics aren't driving me. It's just when I try to think of jobs I can best contribute to, I'm teaching high school kids how to read. I have space will enough to get into university."

For those coming from the film industry, often the plot and glitz have worn thin. "I enjoy working in film," says Simon Bick, 35,

a grip who's training to be an elementary school teacher. "The money is good, there are few people and it's incredibly varied." But it's also a nice work, with relatively long days and months of unemployment. Such a hard working as an unqualified young man who was teacher during his job and grew to love going to elementary schools. "It could get messy, but I always come home with a smile," he says.

In large urban centers, a number of second-career teachers are immigrants who were qualified professionals but don't have the time or money to spend years requalifying in Canada. Teaching becomes an over-the-shoulder choice, once immigration rules in Canada are met. At the University of Toronto, 15% of new teachers are immigrants, a significant number of immigrant teachers are from the M/V community. And then there are others like Donna Martin,

36, finishing her bachelor of education at St. FX. She left school at 17 to have her first child, and has collected her university qualifications while raising three children. "We all have such different circumstances for leaving high school. Mine wasn't unusual, and it still happens," she says. "Life experience goes

At OISE, the average age of those studying to be teachers is now almost 30

you credibility with the kids. I would like to be a minister, to let them know my education is important."

How do these older students finally find in the classroom? OISE's MacLeod says most do. "By the time my students get into this program, they've demonstrated a firm amount of preparation," he says. Older new teachers can have the advantage of maturity, self-confidence and life experience, which can help them master the essential skill of managing a classroom. Still, older adults have a somewhat higher incidence of failure, says UBC's Bick, perhaps because they are leaving a career's worth and entering one that is predominantly female, and younger. "This kind of learning is developmental and collaborative, which is very different from the work experience of many older men," he says. "Having argued that, we get practitioners who do very, very well."

Grey days ahead

Will aging boomers get respect? History says no.

BY BRIAN KATZMAN — The Age of Old Age is finally upon us, at least in the West. This year the baby boomer badge marks another milestone on its passage through the belly of the demographic pyramids: the first boomers are turning 60. Every generation when portrayed in its Unfortunate Events worthy of a Literary Studies course. Boomers will never escape the frailties of health and personal care, or simply decay living through the last, most-cruel, twilight of boomer self-indulgence. About the only great consolation about the greying of the West is that the boomers who have managed to outlive their agenda as everyone else at every other stage of their lives will enjoy a traditional sense of reverence for older wisdom.

It's hard to decide what's more dubious about that idea: the association of boomers and wisdom, or the assumption that there was once a Golden Age when the old were honored. Historians, inspired as always by present-day events to have had a fresh look at the way we see, have been busy investigating the long history of old age. They've turned up any number of cold, hard truths, some among them the fact that the Good Old Days never were a trade-shouting aside of the old and complacent by the healthy about a lack of respect as old as old age itself.

There are now, proportionately, many more old people than ever before. But even in pre-modern Europe, the over 60s were too poor to be the population. The old, outside of aristocracy, were indeed only about 40 to 45 years in life, but their averages were driven down by an appalling rate of infant and child mortality. Once an individual came through the dangerous early years of life, she or he was more or less, for the rest of his or her life, a non-contributor to the economy as a childless adult, a grandfather, or a grandchild. The old were not a burden, but a burden.

Even in the darkest of dark ages there was always a sliver of hope that the old would be as wise as old, especially—just like now—when they were wealthy. Aristotle, an elderly 10th-century Italian scholar, wrote for his own times on his health regimen, the last when he was 95. (Presumably only his death at 98 prevented his old advice.) Not many shared his happy retirement. Ordinary people couldn't afford it, although legal codes could demand that money or property be left to the old (the contemporary equivalent of chapter but

first). Even the Church, the most modern of medieval institutions, had little in the way of adequate provision for the poor.

Their most old-age relief came for clerics forced to retire because of infirmity, especially when they had offspring—as in no longer ones-to-help. Then again, not the old money by people. The loneliness of old age that we associate with the modern nuclear family was common in the past, too. The high infant mor-



Western culture has always had little tolerance for old people who behave in unseemly ways

tality rate meant that a third of Europe's elderly had no surviving child to whom financial and emotional support they could count.

Not that the children were necessarily wise off. According to conventional wisdom, across Europe, folklores warned the elderly about relying on their children. In one popular cautionary tale, an old man keeps his son and daughter on low hands disposed toward them

by telling them he still has much to tell them in reserve, locked in a chest not to be opened before his death. When he dies, the couple learn it opens, only to find a large club inscribed with "He who gives as much to his children as he must beg, will be damned until he is too fat." As late as the 19th century, some German cities still had such clubs, and similar warnings, hanging on their walls. Hardly the happy eight-generation family life we imagine we see through our nostalgia.

Western culture has always had little tolerance for old people who behave in unseemly (at least for them). Younger medieval Europeans thought that was the worst circumstance of the elderly, and they didn't like it one bit. But pre-modern westerners, free of the fear of unwanted progeny but no longer discharging old badly because with their

monthly flow, were widely considered to be usually voracious, prone to wrath and otherwise repulsive. And old men falling for younger women were mercilessly mocked. German Renaissance artist Lucas Orndorff's painting of a bald man embracing a young woman—who has her hand in his pocket—is entitled *The Old Fool*.

So the one in which the Viagra phenomenon will cause a class break with the past is in their own lives. First, health and possessing more physical strength than any previous generation of boomers, the boomers are now going to experience that good right. But they shouldn't expect anyone else to care.

TOKYO: WHERE NERDS LIVE LIKE KINGS

Today's video game parlors are as "hip" as bars being made to feel like kings on the sprawling "mad city" culture. Located in the city's electronics district, the cafe cater to computer-gamers, and made for long-term nerds, with waitresses dressed as maid and video cheerleaders. They have even chairs, not just on their knees, and play up the geek fantasy of nerdy school life. But adult offers post-sexual games, like looking for a winner.



HOT STAMPAWAY TO HEAVEN AGAIN

Guitarist Red Hot Chili Peppers' frontman Anthony Kiedis was arrested last week when he was teaching at a San Angeles middle school. Exactly what happened isn't unclear, but Kiedis, who has played for Pink and Aerosmith, was later arrested for sexual assault with a 15-year-old student. The student claims Kiedis had sex with her after she had sex with another student. Kiedis is now facing charges of sexual assault.



SCHOOL FOR NEW WOMEN: The Breadfeeding Center for Greater Washington runs a support group for new nursing mothers.

Oh baby. My life as a dairy cow.

Why would I pay someone to show me how to stick my boob in a baby's mouth? How hard could nursing be?

BY LEISA CH. SAVAGE • During my typical yuppie pregnancy, I paid for professional in-home massages, prenatal yoga, and a doula to assist with everything from foot massages to infant CPR and the correct way to burp a newborn. But I skipped the class in breastfeeding. Why pay someone to show me how to suck my boob on a baby's mouth, I reasoned. What have I been doing it since they lived in caves? Monkey doo! How hard could nursing be?

Henry says, it turned out. Two weeks and expensive. Over the first two months of my tenth life, this "free" food source cost me some \$1,100 (all prices US\$). The fact that he got my truck out of reach all in thumb only in the "luscious" industry bookended by someone like me. "Nobody tells you how terrible it's going to be. And if they don't, you wouldn't be here either—or you wouldn't try," says Susan Cox, a 17-year-old communications director for an oncographic non-profit organization, one of those two dozen women who meet every Tuesday morning at a breakfasting support group in downtown Washington.

In educated circles, nursing has become *de rigueur*, the important source of nutrition and the best for brain development. The women at the support group are mostly upper-middle-class professionals who excel for a living and did not expect to underachieve.

an dairy cow. Hilma Donley, a 34-year-old lawyer, said breastfeeding her six-week-old daughter was "terrific" and "uplifting" because the baby wasn't gaining weight. The cow was hanging in. "I'm a Type A personality. I'm a professional! [But] I have to do this like I do everything else in my life."

Studies suggest that breastfed children are hospitalized less often and have lower rates of allergies and obesity. A sign in my hospital room urged me to breastfeed to "help keep medical costs down." The Canadian Pediatric Society recommends breastfeeding exclusively for the first six months of life, and continuing for up to two years or beyond. Some women proceed without any difficulty, but it would appear that most do not. Only about a third of women make it past three months. I quickly discovered why.

As a pregnant political reporter in Washington, I imagined I'd be watching congress do all hearings on TV while my baby napped blissfully away. Boy, was I wrong. I was nursing bra and fish prepared. My first nursing that morning would not be a breast-usage hour after the delivery. A hospital nurse had prepared for feeding by "correcting" my nipples using an unidentifiable device ("breast pump")—a machine that yanks at the body's most sensitive tissue until they leak fluid.

As she cranked up the "suction" dial, I wondered what CIA interrogators might accomplish with such a device. Next the milk "came in" through an appalling process known as "emulsification," in which the breast's enzymes overwork to about four times their original rate, filling up with what'd be like the product of a blender.

Well, that was nothing compared to the punishment meted out by my well-matched baby boy, who sang from the mouth without notion that wailing on the breast meant anything other than it's like a dog on a bone. Imagine slumming your finger in the ear door, and

One woman complained she squirted clear across the room each time she opened her bra.

that stagnate your finger is your supply. Then imagine doing this every two hours for a minimum. After a week of this, I called the hospital to request whether my baby might risk an infection as the scales that were beginning to fall off my back. I was informed I had a breast "emergency" and was told to have a "breast infection culture" done.

The consultant arrived that very night with a wooden instrument and taught diagrams and maneuvers to fly a plane. She immediately diagnosed a "bad lute" due to some combination of small mouth and unusually rounded chin. He was marking on the sensitive face of

the nipple, sucking then the most ragged end of the smock. Through some witchcraft, he maneuvered his mouth onto me in such way that I didn't feel a thing. The solution was apparently to hold down his chin while he ate. In awe and gratitude, I paid her the 1225 fee (It was eventually reimbursed by insurance). She ate *more* to the relief of the doctor. We went back to the straight-on-pulling-down-lan-then, my son cheaper-lauder, and both of us in tears. The foodies

At restaurants, she paid cash so she could bolt when she 'filled up like a porn star'

became so successful that I hauled out the dented beer pump (5127) and fed him the milk out of bottles specially shaped to mimic the breast (127) in order to avoid what the experts call, in jargon, "nipple confusion."

At the support group, I met women with all kinds of problems. Some produce too little milk, others too much. One woman said

women said she paid for restaurant dinner in cash so she could easily bolt out the door when she heard go "Hill was like a cop, not a

Spain I was concerned the array of products was too close to body parts, especially pads (S11). Very rarely in three days, an answer derived from "other" items (S10) and control pads (S10) "disappeared" (S10) and "I was worried" (S10) that the manufacturer "didn't want" (S11). I also noted 600 sentences, from comments on cabbage leaves. And it wasn't just on cabbage that was burning. The comment on overuse to hold my shirt's ends in the last potential position were "taking my back." The older and an oncogene (S10) we bought for nursing didn't solve the problem, we did. I thought shaped pillow called a "dog" (S12). A strip on front being called "dog" (S12). After Fred's (S11) helped someone, despite its unfortunate name. An informal survey of women in the support group showed the name had spread in the range of 1790 to 2000 and 2000 and 2000.

After 180 weeks, we had another shock: not only was my son not gaining weight, he was well below his birthweight. Despite ex-



PAT KILLIT is the head coach of Westchester

And to a new struggle caused to rush more into. The doctor sent her to Pat Sholl, the breast guru of Washington and director of the non-profit Washington Transgender Center that hosts the support group. A former labour and delivery nurse and self-described "earth mother," Pat began helping new mothers breastfeed 25 years ago when the same newsworthy mothers were often taken to the hospital. The demand for her services was so high that the nurses from home care visits began coming in 7 a.m. to the evening 9 a.m. She gives free help to low-income women one day a week.

At age 3, the little girl in skirts and knee-high socks lost a generation of women who encouraged her to use female. "It used to be the poorest people had trouble breast-feeding their newborn children," she says. "I remember they worked cotton. Now they are willing to work harder to get over the hump. That's a huge change," she says. At an on-call sex education hotline (485), Pat solved our last problem in a matter of minutes with a sample you can completely lose interest in: manure. That's the smell of the breast to guide you down the baby's lower lip. To "boost production," she ordered a herbal supplement called *lactaguard* (a word), and suggested between feedings to stimulate the breasts by drawing them.

By two months, my milk supply had doubled, but thanks to his growing appetite, half of my son's diet remained formula. Now, at three months, the pain is largely gone, but still can't compete with the earth mother in my Yoga Mama class who can nurse while holding a one-legged tree pose. Nor can wechalantly whip it out at Starbucks. But my son is thriving and, best of all, he's happy. So, after all the miles, **B**

Larkin C.R. *Servage in Maryland*
Washington: Bureau of the



BECAUSE A GENERATION of women has grown up to run forsworn, thereby a knowledge of

planned she squatted down across the road each time she opened her bin. Another spent hours doing out work from a single breast, having lost the other to cancer.

We asked—about the things no one wants you about, such as the fact that if you don't empty your bowels every few hours, they'll lay with you (sch! like presidential matter lives). Ruthie Marx, a 35-year-old health specialist at the World Bank, yowled! having to poop her brains in an airplane toilet during a long flight. "About to urinate into it, [pooping] isn't pending on the door. I'm thinking, there's going to be a mirage on the plane! The mirage is going to read 'up.' Another

ordered, or maybe because of it, I was unable only half the milk he needed. I was horrified I'd been starving my child! His pediatrician weighed him twice in disbelief and promptly ordered a supplement of the dreaded formula. With him sick he started, miraculously soon.



WIFE BEANS DOWN FROM HUSBAND'S STAIRSHIP

Tony Allyn must have sensed that things would go south in his marriage when he began redecorating his apartment to look like the *U.S. Wopie* from the Star Trek TV series. In all, Allyn spent \$24,000 remodeling the flat in Hachino, England, with furniture from 36 credit cards and two bank loans. The former *U.S. Wopie* was a *U.S. Wopie*, walked out on him after he replaced the refrigerator with a "Swiss roll".



THEIR 2010 OPENING CEREMONIES said, "Here we burn society with style." Sprinkling of style, here come the Canadians (for right).

RINGS OF FIRE

How is Vancouver going to top Turin's opener? Well, we have Avril Lavigne...

Pavement, the supreme fat guy. The opening ceremonies—properly done—are the ultimate advertisement, loaned to some two billion viewers. They reveal to the world the soul of a city, a region and a nation. These ceremonies, as well as by Georgia Annas no less, said, "There is not just the gritty industrial wilderness of Fiat, the financially frail automaker, it is also a place of history, culture and class." We were trying to capture the passionate way Italian approach things, good and bad," explained executive producer Marco Ballo. The event also said, "Here we burn society with style." This was simply illustrated by the "Spade of Peace," those raised tributes, who are around around the stadium showing two eyes and flames from their helmets.

The Olympics couldn't be held brightly throughout these Games, but the Sparks represent a kind of coronation torch passing to Vancouver, host of the next Winter Games in 2010. Here in the flames, Canada, find its place among the world's 20 members of the Olympic family. Among the 35,000 spectators in the stands were many of the 50 members of Vancouver's organizing committee. They face the challenge of organizing just how to top the always cooling-down demand for an ever more spectacular Olympic opening.

It's a subject that VANOC, the Vancouver organizing committee, won't even talk about. To first priority, membership in the vital eight-nation segment featuring popstar Avril Lavigne that Vancouver gets in the Turin closing ceremonies on Feb. 16. This alone has taken



long months of planning by a select group laboring to achieve a victory. Staging the opening and closing ceremonies—to be held inside the giant inflated pillow of B.C. Place Stadium—is no small feat. So far only two things about it are known with certainty: One, the budget VANOC allocated for the opening and closing ceremonies is \$18.7 million, not two, that won't be enough. Like even past the Olympic budget, set at \$100 million, it will surely climb. The question is, who gets to spend the money? One likely possibility is Montreal-based Cirque du Soleil, which has practically possessed the sum of adrenergic and award-garnering that plays well in Olympic events. The fact that photos of Cirque performers were used to illustrate the "Olympics and Culture" chapter of Vancouver's bid book might be a possible clue. If so, Cirque isn't staying. A call to its Montreal head office was referred to VANOC, which refused comment.

Jacques Lantier, co-founder of the Canadian College of Performing Arts in the Victoria suburb of Oak Bay, is a man VANOC considered in producing its eight-ring circus act. He says he and his good friend, Lantier, 53, was a choreographer with the Royal Winnipeg Ballet when he was tapped to be the artistic director of the opening ceremony of the 1988 Calgary Winter Olympics—an unshakable celebration of all things Alcanian.

"We were following on the heels of the Los Angeles Olympics and the question was, how are you going to top that? I said, we're not going to, we're going to make it different."

Other Calgary, Alberta, Canada? And it won't, right down to a cold fall of voracity consumed two-stopping square dancers, who, viewed from the stands at McMahon Stadium, faded into a giant Alberta rose. It was, as for Canada's knowledge blowing into the trails in Olympic culture, one of the last low-tech ceremonies. Its power, and Lantier's greatest challenge, came from its giant cost of 4,000 performers, volunteers and crew. The challenge today, however, is satisfying a global audience's need for something unique. "In a way," Lantier says, "everything has been done." Still, he says, Vancouver's unique opening and closing ceremonies, as Olympic first, are alive with possibility. "When you have control over the weather and the environment, the sky is the limit."

The challenge for VANOC four years from now will be striking the right tone. Does it join the technological arms race of remote-control, or try a more homegrown Calgary approach? The Alberta Winter Games in 1997 set the modern standard with a leath show that appeared to have been produced by the French—a bizarrely contained still-waters, women's trade gear snow globes, aerobics filled to bounce and, plenty of modern dance. "Typically French," reported the *New York Times*. Since then, most host nations have followed the same arena guard post. In Atlanta, there was the supremely weird, but also chaotic, choreography, which, as the athletes entered, and rolling tobacco with performers dressed as classical statues. There's also the requisite big act, powered by the guy with the jet pack at the Los Angeles Summer Games. Atlanta had the Parkyopian artist light the flame, an *Amish* artist lit the torch-bearing leaping jumper. Audiences have

THE FIRE GAMES: HERE, the Olympic flame is lit. It's the highlight for the opening and closing ceremonies in the city of Vancouver.

also grown accustomed to moments of light cinema, like Cathy Freeman's run with the torch in Sydney, or Muhammad Ali's naptime entrance in Atlanta. Lash Wilton, Desmond Tins, and for some reason, Steve Spielberg, carrying in the Olympic flag in Salt Lake City. And this time, President accompanying his farewell tour to both out a Russian sea for the home crowd, one more time.

But all that pomp and circumstance comes at a high price. The estimated tab for the opening and closing ceremonies in Turin is \$5 million euro—over Vancouver's budget. And as the production values rise, and the number of nations participating in the Games continues to grow, the fiscal welcome now often speaks on for three or four hours—not as pleasant as a cold winter's evening. Many athletes, especially those who must compete in the first days, no longer stand, judging the battle too disruptive to the quest for gold.

Calgary was the first Olympics to let athletes skip the ceremony, an act of laziness that Vancouver should consider. "We are celebrating our athletes," says Lantier, "they should have a secret of honor." Lantier offers a last bit of advice: don't let the paganry and technology overshadow the human element. "Be me," he says, "that's what makes it joyful event." Well, that, and a big pot of money. ■

ROAD TO TURIN

For daily race coverage of the 2006 Games, check out our weekly updates on your Ringers Wireless phone and BlackBerry, or online, at www.usabooks.com/australia



MIND THE GUN BATTLE BY THE SAND TRAP

Play was interrupted at Australia's Hyde Farmstead Golf Club during a championship last week when a truck burst through a fence and crashed into a bunker. While the accident injured nobody, it did cost a player a shot. The course and the club who allegedly had just added a supermajor got out of the track, carrying a shotgun and the last. A large jet of a nearby unoccupied house instead, but ended with the suspect's surrender. Play resumed.



STANLEY: He found his mother, and then his grandmother, and then his work team.

HIS MOTHER'S DEATH, FAMILY PRESSURES, BUSINESS SETBACKS AND NOW THE GAMBLING SCANDAL: WAYNE GRETZKY AT MID-LIFE

BY CHARLIE GILLIE / It's a mere footnote in the record books, but for followers of Gretzky's life, it was nothing short of a defining moment. The 1981 Stanley Cup playoffs, first round. The upstart Edmonton Oilers face the eternal prospect of a series against the mighty Montreal Canadiens, with an outcome so foregone the Habs' management doesn't bother. Michael Severyn, publicly known as his agent, will win. Canadiens' star Guy Lafleur, the acrobatic wild, will put Gretzky "in his back pocket."

But the Great One—their an impossible whelp of 20 years—has other plans. At the game in Montreal, he scores a goal and assists for others in a 6-3 win. Then, with Lafleur nowhere to be seen and Habs fans wailing in stunned horror, he leads the Oilers to a series victory in straight games. "I don't know what makes me like that," Gretzky would say later. "But when someone says I can't, I."

The question that brought him to that

point—defiance, raw talent, the urge to escape control of his surroundings—would become the constants of the Gretzky mystique. He was, even as a child, Canada's Golden Boy, a small-town superstar whose rise from the backyard rink to a record books record, at times, too easy. Ten scoring titles. Four Stanley Cups. The best who ever played. In his retirement years—series and coaching—Wayne Gretzky across past as determined to repay what he has done for the ice. Among his many titles, he is co-owner and chief head coach of a National Hockey League franchise, the executive director of the Canadian men's Olympic hockey team, a business owner whose capital and influence opens a conflict, and, away from the arena, a husband and devoted father of five. At 45, it's his life's first Gretzky is now best on winning middle age.

But life outside the boards is a different game. Over Christmas, Gretzky beamed his

mother, then his grandmother, in a three-week span that he later described as the worst time in his life. His much-hyped winter into coaching, which at first seemed so promising, has soured with the declining fortunes of his team, the Phoenix Coyotes. And then, there it was, his cherished name caught up in a New Jersey police investigation into a multi-million-dollar illegal gambling operation, an event so unthinkable that everybody, Gretzky included, seemed momentarily disoriented. When reporters in Phoenix cornered him after a game, propounding him with questions about his wife's alleged involvement, Wayne insisted, "I'll have to talk her," he said. "The reality is, I'm not involved, I wasn't involved and I'm not going to be involved."

Published reports suggest otherwise. Depending on the source, Gretzky's wife, actress Janet Jones, laid somewhere between \$100,000

and \$100,000 worth of bets over a six-week period, including a \$40,000 wager on the Super Bowl coin toss (she was, according to one U.S. newspaper). Other reports say the Great One himself was caught on police wiretaps, plotting how to move his long-term sponsor from evangelism to Detroit and, it could take months—and a date with a grand jury—before the hockey world learns for sure whether his justice since has a dark secret. Either way, the damage might already be done. Illegal gambling is the third rail of professional sports, and Gretzky's name is a commodity. Whether it's Jones or other members of Gretzky's innermost circle doing the betting, number 99 is vulnerable. He's the one with the deep pockets. He's the one running a hockey team, which puts him in perfect position to, say, at one time public order to shove justice.

No such thing is illegal, of course, and Gretzky's denial of this personal involvement

has been loud. But perhaps better than any sports celebrity, Gretzky knows perception is everything. Over those decades in the public eye, he's served mightily to keep his record spotless. Most recently, he's sought to create the sum of effortless success off the ice. Now, with allegations flying and the whole House of Gretzky in peril, we're seeing an unaccustomed side of the man. He looks sad and bitter. The towering phenomenon of this alleged gambling ring has just begun, but it's already proven that life away from the map over world of hockey is no completed for Wayne as it is for the rest of us.

The backdrop risk is the Gretzky home in Blainville, Ont., like the 193 goals to 1984 while serving as a celebrity judge on a dancing show on U.S. television, and they began during those years here. Three live, Janet's big gambling and accused something like

one, creating something in the public consciousness akin to a prince born of humble roots. Sure, Gretzky's time with the Oilers brought the billions you'd expect from a young man with a fast paycheck and a penthouse apartment, he built his own at the time and clubs in the Alberta capital. Yet he kept up the image of a decent, hard-working young man all the while.

If the truth be known, however, Gretzky has been somewhere near as marveled off the ice as his press clippings suggest, and there have been times when his image, blinded fans to things that might have dented the reputation of a hero. It's certainly smoothed over the 21st-century hockey reaction to Gretzky's choice of a bride. Wayne had met Janet Jones in 1984 while serving as a celebrity judge on a dancing show on U.S. television, and they began dating three years later. Three live, Janet's big gambling and accused something like

than the human performance Gershky's fans expected for their and former Mayday and in the past to score and Wras Gershky who had been "Eason", the country wanted to raise the bar for those created the event as a

In his second decade as English King, there were legends about his life. In 1191, he told nothing for something to replace hockey, but The following spring, he knocked out of the ice indicated that the night be over when debilitating back condition, that kept him at night nursing. He hockey, risking care among many involved dealings. Since he'd displayed an incapacity of being a celebrity and little else to keep the mask. "I was bored with my time off," he said before Igoe made a lot of time.

trazzy was well on his way to becoming a household name when he called his "family entertainment" and party line making everything from video games to the world's biggest beverage, Coca-Cola. He made almost \$54 million in 1995, before he retired on with the New York City former associate dynasty businessman, Jackson, but from look

EITHER WAY THE DAMAGE MIGHT ALREADY BE DONE. GAMBLING IS THE THIRD RAIL OF SPORTS: TOUCH IT AND YOU DIE.

ing through the practical experience of day-to-day business deals." In retirement, Gertzel's success seemed only to grow. He announced a flurry of new deals, including ones with Kraft and Anheuser-Busch, plus a plan for his own clothing line with Hudson's Bay.

Take a closer look at some of his most infamous ventures suggests Gendry's judgment—not to mention his choice of associates—worthy at times. MTV.com, an online sporting venue he backed along with retired NFL quarterback John Elway and basketball



0000146 "At no time did I ever place a wager on my husband's behalf, period."

Michael Jackson, lasted little longer than a year. In 1991, he and the late Canadian comedian John Candy each invested \$1 million for a 10 per cent stake in the Toronto Argonauts. Bruce McNall, the smooth-talking owner of the Los Angeles Kings who lured Gretzky to California, caught up the balance. After incensed hoards of celebrity-driven hype, the team began bleeding money and fans. In 1994, it was sold to The Sports Network for \$5 million and debts consumed all of the proceeds. Neither Gretzky nor John Candy's estate received a penny.

The McNall saga was part of a pattern of questionable alliances between Gretny and the money men who employed him, starting with Nelson Skidhania, a Vancouver real estate dealer who wound up in jail. Gretny's relationship with Peter Pickleman lasted longer and ended better, but he saved his greatest blind spot for McNall. In his 1999 autobiography, Gretny called the Hollywood producer "straight up and honest," and a "financial genius," a characterization that surely belies a volume of litigation that would fill a book.

1994, McNeill's empire collapsed even as his life got horrifyingly practical, which had defined its basis of life in the nation. He pleaded guilty to conspiracy and fraud and went to prison for four years. Greedy, who had seduced many with McNeill into a world of shrewdness, became, as well as sports racketeerism (they bought a 1970 Boston Wagner baseball club for US\$400,000), was rumored to have lost as much as US\$5 million due to their relationship. He faced threats of lawsuits from creditors, his lawyer said at the time, except his liability and because he had no more assets.

Sell, of the McNeil episode demonstrated anything, it was the public's willingness to avert their gaze when the Great One blundered. His remained loyal to McNeil, placing him in prison. In the meantime, his endorsement deals multiplied, combining with rich hockey contracts to paper over the losses he suffered in business. It was as if he'd coughed up the puck in a critical playoff game, and the crowd missed it.

Wayne Gretzky's first steps into pro hockey ownership were similarly troubled. In the late 1990s, Steve Eisman, a Phoenix-based creative developer, had grand plans to team up with then-Coyotes owner Richard Burke to redevelop

a neglected shopping mall in nearby Brownsdale that would include a sprawling new arena. But by 2000—still without a new deal—Banks wanted out of the money-losing franchise, offering to sell the team to Elmore for a four-park basement price of US\$47 million. By then, it happened that Gretzky was looking for an avenue back into the game. "Everybody said the same thing: 'If you're going to get involved, then be captain of the ship,'" he said in 2001.

Greitsky eventually joined forces with Elman, positioning himself as the rumpster man that could draw owners. But that didn't happen, and the purchase of the team, obviously underinformed, became a protracted mess throughout the 2000-01 season. Greitsky was dubbed a "hoax owner" by the Phoenix press. Borker, while still the official owner, grew so frustrated at one point he had to send Greitsky and Elman from the Coyotes' dressing room. At the same time, rumors began to spread that Greitsky was leaving town.

about teaming up with Ellison, whom the Arizona Republic once called "an congressman who's career" In February 2001, the deal was finally approved, but it was something of a Pyrrhic victory for Grunley: The Coyotes lost US\$2.7 million that season and were still losing money the year before the labor lockout.

He served the money-grubbing, cringing, and, as he did in the McMillan Estate, barely but not broken. He became managing partner with a minority stake, and by 2004, the Ceytens ran the ribbon on their \$120-million arena in Glendale, Ariz. Along the way, Grately assembled a loyal supporting cast, including Mike Dierker, his long-time agent, as the Ceytens' general manager, and Eddie Mwa, the best man in his 1994 wedding, as director of player development. But Grately, ever the fierce competitor, craved more.

"I married the game, I married being part of it," he told Jay August, explaining why he chose to become local coach. "I want to be around the game. I can feel it, although the

who'd let me play any more, the closest thing I can get to being on the set was to get behind the bench."

At first glance, the transition seemed smooth enough. The players, many of whom watched Wayne Gretzky as children, responded, and by January, the Coyotes had won more games than they had during the same previous sea-

THE PACE AND COMPLEXITY OF HIS LIFE HAS DIVIDED THE HOUSEHOLD IN WAYS THAT WOULD STRAIN MOST OTHER FAMILIES

son. Some sportsmen were already asking about Crosby's odds of winning yet another piece of NHL hardware: coach of the year. Not anymore. In recent weeks, the Crosby-led Coyotes have slipped below .500, sitting dead last in the NHL's Pacific Division. Attendance is also slipping. At 13,258 fans per game, they stand 21st in the 30-team NHL.

Then last Tuesday, as if another lipicked lion wasn't enough, *Newt* broke that the town's assistant coach, Rick Trench, faces criminal charges of money laundering and conspiracy in connection with a mob-linked gambling operation that allegedly processed millions of dollars worth of bets for the rich and famous. Almost immediately, published reports claimed George's wife, Jane, had numerous high-priced suits in the wardrobe before the September, and that authorities are trying to determine whether she was the buffer between her squally old husband and the underworld. Mike Dornier also came forward to admit that he has a few hundred dollars on the Superbowl, reports say.

It got worse: The Newark Star-Ledger, citing anonymous sources, reported that Grecky and Thacker were overheard on state swamps discussing how authorities discovered the gambling operation, and what the hockey stars could do to minimize the fall-out. Grecky, who has not been charged, continues to deny any involvement, and he insists

to be in Turin, Italy, when the Canadian hockey team he assembled began its defense of the Olympic gold. As for her wife, she showed her with statements last week, saying "as no time did I ever place a wager on my husband's behalf, period." Whether she placed her own bets is an entirely different—and unanswered—question. Her trademark



CELEBRITY: Paulina graced the cover of *Elle*, as her mother had in June 1973

Elbert Mince (he counts Paula Hoken among his clients) conceded that Mrs. Gertie might have to testify in front of a grand jury. "James is rarely one of a number of witnesses," he said, "and there is no allegation whatsoever that Janet has violated any law."

Sure, I've been very fortunate in my choices," Janet told *Playboy* magazine in 1987, in the interview accompanying her semi-nude photos. "Choosing the right man, the right friends, the career moves that have turned out best for me. But I don't plan that at all—except that when I was a child and heard dreaming my women, I always told my mom that someday I'd have a maid." As it happened, it was her own mother who became her maid: a nursemaid, nanny, big sister and Janet's five children, who today range in age from two to 17.

There have been times in the past when the Gratzys have sought to portray themselves as an old-fashioned nuclear family. Wayne frequently refers to his domestic



FORBESILL Plagiarist assistant coach Tothlet faces charges of money laundering

PROFILE

PROFILE **Y**ankees and obliquely answering questions about his little princess in sports and school. But the prize of complexity of his life has divided the baseball fan in ways that would strain the most resilient of athletes. The oldest boy, 17-year-old Ty, lives with his father in Somersville during the MLB season, when he plays high school hockey in North Carolina. Parents: Tony and Zylinda Anderson, 37-year-old parents. Lives on the family's sprawling, Stone Mountain estate with her mother and the other children, Trevor, Tristan and Emma. "I don't think I want [Ty] to be a Yankee," he jokes. "I can't remember if I ever came to Yankee." This is a big, painful, painful decision. "This is a big change for the family. And I was definitely 120 per cent behind it." The couple must not get together, in either *Somersville* or *Los Angeles*, once a week.

In the meantime, Janet's energies are increasingly directed toward Paulina, so the point that some have suggested she's trying to overcompensate for her own frustrated career. Originally a dancer, Janet decided a small role in the movie *Amateur* as "Winifred" was a Cancon-style pebberle called The Gossamer, born in 1942. Her career reached its peak in *The Flamingo Kid*, in which she starred in 1984 opposite Matt Dillon, and its niche in *Polter Academy* 5. Last year, speaking in Canadian House of Commons about the Gossamer

LATE LAST WEEK, THE CONSENSUS AMONG THE PUNDITS WAS THAT HE SHOULD STAY AWAY FROM TURIN. HE'D BE A DISTRACTION.

Georgian-style mansion—now up for sale for a reported \$25 million—she said she's been directing her creative energies toward interior design. "I love the creative side of it," she said. "It's like putting together a movie."

For Pauline, the combination of her mother's ambition and her father's influence led to an appearance last August on the cover of *Flare*, which she photographed in June 1981. "My goal is to keep [Pauline] focused so that she is doing things that she enjoys that could possibly turn into her career," Jancz said. "When on an opportunity arose, I went but to be prepared and on top of that story." Ancestress, however, Grayson lost her race. In 2003, during planning of the first outdoor hockey game in the history of the NHL, he had arranged for Pauline to sing at the 10th minute event. But Mase, the Oilers' director of broadcast, told him to drop the idea, "a real work order [to the band] to play the song." Grayson says he told Pauline, "We're not going to do it. It's not your ball to play." She then decided to "don't say anything" to the NHL. "Mase reminded me of a person," she says. "I was worried about her safety. I was worried about her breaking our hearts if people." Thereafter Jancz stopped at "What, am I going to take?" she interpreted as "Mike, am I going to take?"



SEBASTIAN In his first game behind the Phoenix bench last November, the Coyotes lost 3-0 against Vancouver.

standing firm to keep Paulina on the line up

On the night of the performance, Paula sat hunched as she took hold of the microphone and sang a rendition of Sarah McLachlan's *I Will Remember You*. The television producers cut to her parents, showing in on least's three cuts and Wyclef's

head in his hands, rolled his eyes skyward as if bemoaning some grand exemplarship of the gods. He is, in there, a man in his 40s showing all the features of a man in his 40s—an age when most of us make peace with the stuff we cannot control.

For the first time getting drafted, I was proud and shocked at once as a player, it was difficult to watch. We've been complete, after all, in the construction of Wayne Gretzky's superteam. We've gained his major trophies, maintained every big thing, yet participated in the fantasy that a multi-millionaire who has been in the public eye since his 16th year, can, off the ice, promote to poster over us. "You were the model every player an every two-year-bank in every two-year team would point his nose towards," the columnist Jeffrey Rosenberg wrote in the *Globe and Mail* after Gretzky's trade to the *Los Angeles* in 1988. "No-one understood us. We may not yet, but if he does, it's safe to assume we're in deep." We're not alone; the night and day of the 1980s was the craziest time in the history of the game. It was a time of bad, reinforcing that he's a man, as well as a national icon. Whether he can manage the game as a defenseman, I don't know.

with Celine Campbell, Nicholas Kikler
and Michael Frieselant in Toronto, and
Jonathan Goshen in Berlin.

Michaelson. "We want him to be here." But not one, not even Grist's own family members, were smart enough to think he will shirk off a suit-and-tie media barrage. "You look at someone who has virtually given his entire life—and he has good fire and steel will and stood straight all these years—and then you have people who want to burn them," said Albert Gristley, Wayne's uncle, in an interview with Michaelson. "That is the thing about being in high places. You're the second enemy."

Factor in Gervasio's recent losses and you have a man ill-equipped to confront a family crisis. He was plainly devastated by his mother Phyllis's death, offering a stirring eulogy at her Dec. 22 funeral. He has looked distracted and irritable ever since. Richard the Coyotes' betch, he has screamed at referees, held his hands, rolled his eyes downward as some grand conspiracy of the game there, a man in his 40s shows signs of a man in his 60s—an age that makes peace with the stuff of

For the first time getting drafted, I was proud and shocked at once as a player, it was difficult to watch. We've been complete, after all, in the construction of Wayne Gretzky's superteam. We've gained his major trophies, maintained every big thing, yet participated in the fantasy that a multi-millionaire who has been in the public eye since his 16th year, can, off the ice, promote to poster over us. "You were the model every player an every two-year-bank in every two-year team would point his nose towards," the columnist Jeffrey Rosenberg wrote in the *Globe and Mail* after Gretzky's trade to the *Los Angeles* in 1988. "No-one understood us."

He may not yet, but if he does, it's safe to assume he'll cope. We'll remain the mightiest of the NHL, and we'll arrange the best, bad, reinforcing that he's a man, as well as a national icon. Whether he can manage the *Angels*, as *LA* reporters note, is

with Celine Campbell, Nicholas Kikler
and Michael Frieselant in Toronto, and
Jonathan Goshen in Berlin.



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1. MUGABE'S NEXT GREAT IDEA

"We should set a trap?"

It's one thing to live like your characters when you yourself are a contemporary suburbanite. But the case of **SHIMAZU** **TSURUMI's** bestselling children's novels—*Stone Age* (1995), *Silkgut Wolves*, *The North Star* and *Beans and the Blue*—is more the original form of *Scoundrel* (6,000 pages) says So Power, a 41-year-old novelist who herself spent considerable time with Lapplanders, among one ancient tribe and white bloodier, before writing *Yukiguni* (2004), the first of a projected six-volume series, and its newly released sequel, *Star Walker*. The *Yukiguni* legend-turned-novelist, who is in *Toronto* to flesh out to read at the **ALFRED** **CHILDRN'S** Festival, picked up a \$4 million publisher's advance for her first book. That could be

allowed [her] to make even more extensive research trips, including one to Churchill, Miss., in November to see polar bears. "I could have gone to the London Zoo," she says. "But that's not the way I write."

On a day you're in the world's best: paid pro athletes, the race you're out of a cup, articles on paper. For the first time, Michael Schumacher, the seven-time Formula One world champion, about 30 million a year to drive intensely fast. But the 39-year-old has reportedly injured himself as a member in Switzerland, has been friendly against the world. The German racer, worth an estimated 1 billion, claims that he can't work in Switzerland - where income tax is a shared - Schumacher's tax bill on his mansion in Villeneuve-Châtelain and a Lake Geneva estate that boasts eight bedrooms.

4. SHE'S GOT

The O'neils' **HARRY POTTER** success has not alien yet clothing designer Marc Jacobs chose her to appear in his fall-line ad in Vogue this month. "I don't know anything about fashion," says Jacobs, 28. "I've never bought a fashion magazine in my life. I was on a mission with five pringle models and [told] you-what's dialing here?" The 29-year-old spokeswoman of the Vancouver indie designers is also the daughter of famed criminal lawyer Peter Butcher, who is currently heading up the defense of alleged former accused serial-killer Robert William Pickton.

Although her dad is very supportive of her band's music ("They're gonna get it right"), Justin Goss, 26, says he doesn't want to be like his father.

he's a hard-core bilingualist. In fact, he says, "If it's not bilingual, it's not mine."

A preliminary inquiry into one of France's worst miscarriages of justice focused last week on **FRANÇOIS BARRABÉ**, the boyish-looking judge who oversaw the case. Charged with embezzling \$60 million, including a local priest, following a 2001 investigation into an alleged paedophile network. Thirteen of the defendants were acquitted, but many of them spent at least two years in prison before the woman who accused them of abusing her children admitted to lying. One suspect, convicted of murdering Barrabé, 54, has been criticised for ignoring inconsistencies in the evidence. But during last week's emotionally charged, televised inquiry, he defended his actions: "I believe in judicial job honesty without any

B. ALL EQUIPMENT

Stigley and washed-up Italian goalie" was how a disgruntled fan described Montreal Canadiens goal tender **René "Burrhead" Angé** on the day he took in a critical penalty shot, the rights to the former Visconti and later Stigley winner were being offered up for a starring role in *U2RnO*. "This could be the ideal gift for someone in a cold house because he'll warm your bench with style and grace, all while keeping that five-hole open for late night scoring," wrote the penultimate. Things got even worse for Theodore—who has struggled that season and recently been the subject of false rumors—when it was announced that he had tested positive for a steroid problem again. His appearance in

clay, meanwhile, was short and ended without any bids. Said the website, "The seller ended this listing early because the item was lost or broken."

At a recent Vanity Fair cover shoot, St. Thomas, 20, became angry when **JAGGED** refused to compromise her position on nudity. Although her top had apparently okayed the shoot—which was to feature McElmeida, Scarlett Johansson and Kate Winslet—on a bed, made—the 19-year-old star of *The Mortal Instruments* refused to take a full shot. That's when fashion designer Tom Ford (the guest editor of *V*'s upcoming issue) stepped in and pored ribbing on Knightley's face. It was creepy at sounds, and Ford's explanation for being there doesn't help: "Three girls in a bed is a beautiful girls," he said. "Two girls in a bed are lesbians."

massive, red-tinted rappers, with a bad rap. "The focus is always on the slang and African content, but that's just part of the culture," says Elmer, 34, a University of Calgary linguistics professor. "The pronunciation and the grammar of rap makes up the language's aesthetics. You would never criticize a country song for not using standard English."

Elmer's research, published in *Aspects of English Negativity*, focuses on how rapper-dialect pronunciation conveys an "air of words and regularly use 'dirty' and multiple negations." The "venue of rap is authentic because it comes from something black people speak," he says. "Most rappers use a southern English that African-Americans were exposed to, adopted and then passed on. Kanye West speaks a beautiful white English without even knowing it."

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He's a Toronto boy by way of Winnipeg who's spent the past 30 years on a California ranch. Facing brain surgery, how did Neil Young come to find his roots in Canada's wheat fields?

NEIL'S PRAIRIE MIRAGE

BY BRIAN D. JOHNSON

There are at least two Neil Youngs: There's Neil the Destroyer, the ragged guitar hero on the prowl, a loner with a thousand-year stare bawling the rock 'n' roll songs like an overdriven Last. Then there's Neil the Redditor, a music fan who sits on the floor porch with a slumped posture, reminiscing about all the people and places that have come and gone. Neil Young *River of Gold*, a headbashed concert film by Jonathan Demme (Stop Making Sense, *Silence of the Lambs*), gives us the guy on the porch. It's an intimate and exquisite portrait of the artist as old man, a rock older dithering a lifetime of memory into musical monochrome. His porch is the stage of the Tyrone Auditorium, Nashville's hallowed ground of country music, originally built for the Grand Ole Opry. But the memories flow from north of the 49th parallel, filling the big sky of Neil's Nashville sound with nostalgia for a Prairie life he barely knew.

For Young, who has lived on a California ranch since 1974, the movie serves to dream like a tourist back to his Canadian roots. The concert showcases all 30 songs from his latest album, *Prairie Wind*, followed by some childhoods. It's a warm bath of nostalgia. And from a flashback of Young trying to (cheaply) ride to Nashville on the Trans-Canada Highway (as *For Prose Home*) to his soulful rendition of Glen Tyden's classic *Four Strong Winds*, the Canadian landscapes begin looming large as the real-time music.

But just where is Neil Young's Canada located? Is it Toronto, where he was born and raised? Is it Ottawa, just "west to north of the WINNIPEG DIRT" it was there that Young (at left) followed his first real love, the Squares

more" from *Maple* (which is actually about an hour's drive from Toronto)? Or is it the tree-lined neighborhood in Winnipeg where he spent his teen years living with his mother? Judging by the movie, it's somewhere else entirely, a metaphorical field suspended on the back of a concert stage in Nashville.

In a joint phone interview with Demme from Los Angeles last week, Young affirmed, "My home is Canada." But he agreed with Demme when the director, trying to define Young's music as "American" in the broad sense, said, "Canada's far closer than America. I'm not sure anything happens culturally on a highway just because you cross the border. This is just American music." Perhaps aware that Demme was touching a northern nerve, Young elaborated: "The United States and Canada are both America, North America. When we say the home of American music is the Tyrone Auditorium in Nashville, it's

the wheat fields of Canada and everything all rolled into one. It's all the same thing."

Neil Young *River of Gold* takes place in a country all its own—the land of Neil. Or as Vancouver author Steve Chong dubbed it in the title of his recent book, *Neil Young Nation* (Chong describes it as "a place in between"). The movie unfolds as a *Prairie* message of a lost childhood. After a brief documentary prologue, Demme delivers a quiet, contemplative, God-like footage from two live shows, he never once away from the stage, where the band plays against a series of painted *Prairie* backdrops. Coated in grey hair and western hat, and cradling a guitar once owned by Hank Williams, Young sheds his image as the publisher of grunge and grays hair to Nashville traditions. Complemented by strings and horns, his band is a family of old soul mates, from Nashville ace Ben Keith, back over his pedal steel and performing high-mech on an electric, to brother-in-law backup singers Jimmy and Harlan and Young's wife, Pegi.

Over a decade of stillness and his old, post of steel guitar, Young's unique voice, almost unchanged in 40 years, sings to that famous yearning falsetto as if his life depends on it. It's a decade of mortality. The concert unfolds like a monochrome still and testament, the ultimate *Last Waltz*. But as *Prairie Wind* begins writing *Prairie Wind* last spring after being diagnosed with a potentially fatal brain aneurysm. He would record it—the first work since *Harvest Moon* (1992)—the day before going into surgery.

Todd's knew what was going to happen. Young told Madden: "That something could go wrong was in my mind somewhere, but it



PHOTOGRAPH BY TERRY O'LEARY



THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

hook also lays bare the old some of his early sympathizers, and land, escaped t

study help us on a flight to Berlin or Dallas, maybe the deaths would have been in single figures. Infectious are like any other opportunity: they strike the most of local conditions. In *The New Killer Diseases*, pondering the adversary against travel to our shared Hemisphere, Ellyor Levy and Mark Fischetti write: "Some critics said the WHO's decision to issue the *Bornavir* advisory was partly political, highlighting that the disease was West as problem too in order to help smooth things over with China"—which would be true.

Have we learned anything? Would it go any differently if we were up on a gurney at Scarborough, not trying all Mr. Goss's spiritual million dead would be in the Chinese Church school? But the Court

Indeed, when you look at it bigger globalization success in years is not McDonald's or Nike. Scandinavians rocking from world's "bigger" of Danish's only dream of becoming (like) had so effectively. At the dawn century, Marshall McLuhan's it finally wisdom reach the Y-axis, the Swede the church, are are the health officials.

Non-Routine

Keywords: child sexual abuse; disclosure; self-blame

- | | |
|--|---------|
| TEACHER MARRY by Frank McCourt | 4 (10) |
| 2. FEARLESSNESS
by Steven J. Lindell and Stephen J. Delaney | 2 (10) |
| 3. THE KEYSIDE ROOM OF SHIPS
by Giovanni Colonna | 10 (11) |
| 4. THE YEAR OF HISTORICAL THINKING
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PIXAR'S HIT MOVIES include *The Incredibles* and *Toy Story*; emerging legged down in socially conscious messages like Disney's *Pearlman*

Incredibly, Walt returns to Disney The Pixar-Disney merger may help 'corporate' Disney remember its founder's lessons

BY JIMMY J. WEINMAN When Walt Disney Productions announced that it had bought Pixar Animation, media coverage focused mostly on the business implications of the deal. But people in the animation business were focusing more on something else: the appointment of John Lasseter, creative head of Pixar (and former Disney animator) as head of animation at both Pixar and the struggling Disney. The reason was summed up by animator Will Finn, who told the animation blog Cartoonists.com: "This is like taking the Dins driven out of Middle Earth. I am overjoyed!"

But what is with the anticipation was one nagging question: will Pixar save Disney? Or will Disney drag Pixar down with it?

Though Disney has been chortling (Pearl's film since 1995's *Toy Story*, the two companies have pursued different strategies, with different levels of success. Pearl's series of computer-animated movies—including *Find Nemo* and *The Incredibles*—is the product of a system that is consciously designed to allow the way things worked at Disney when Walt Disney was alive. Just as Disney was known for having what former Disney animator Tim Tute calls "a team of experts at each department, that was a quantum leap," the Pixar founders, including Lasseter and Steve Jobs, created a third, first-mover culture where it didn't take forever to make decisions. It's not Copic, a Canadian animator who has worked for both Disney and Pixar, said up the difference between the two companies this way: "Disney [was] more corporate, [Pixar] [was] more agile. And fearless."

For while Pixar was adopting old-school Disney methods, Disney's company was abandoning them. In the late '90s, under Michael Eisner and Jeffrey Katzenberg, the Disney company adopted a model that two companies to "the old David O. Selznick school of creative producers," where projects are closely supervised by executives. The method worked when the double-sure Katzenberg was in charge, but Katzenberg left in the mid-'90s, to be replaced by executives who didn't know much about movie-making. The most successful of Disney animators was David Green, who, like Lasseter, "liked to mention in interviews his lack of experience in film, that he was an M.B.A. from Harvard Business School." The result was gridlock: a production process where it took too many people and too much time to make creative choices. And the movies that resulted often cost too much money and played too few people.

An animator in charge? This is like seeing the Orcs driven out of Middle Earth. I am overjoyed.

Responding to Pearl's success, Disney executives recently abandoned hand-drawn animation in favor of Pixar-style computerized animation. When they overstepped into that Pearl's success wasn't due to the technology. Lasseter emphasized the same thing: Walt Disney himself did with a good, simple story, you can make a good animated movie. Pixar had learned the lessons of Walt Disney, even as Disney's company had forgotten them. The arrival of John Lasseter, creative head of Pixar, was a sign of a new era, but because he's an animator, more comfortable talking with artists than with M.B.A.s, just

Walt, whose johndisney.com site is a leading resource for Disney news, wrote that Lasseter and Pixar president Ed Catmull "met with middle management at the recent Mickey birthday [recently] and basically told these folks: 'If you don't draw for a living, then you really don't belong in this building.'"

Pearl's takeover of Disney animation may actually increase the chances of reviving the art form Disney abandoned. Hand-drawn animation. Though Lasseter has made his name and fortune with computers, it remains a far of modernized animation style. "I wouldn't be surprised if that museum are sure that he wants to do successful hand-drawn film just to show it can be done," says Finn.

The question remains, though, whether Pixar can maintain its old-school animation culture after becoming part of a modern corporate merger. Toronto-based animator Mark Mayerson warns: "There's a real danger that Lasseter will spend himself too thin.... I'm sure there are innocent people inside Disney who are rooting for Lasseter to fail so that they can return to business as usual."

The best hope for the combination of Disney and Pixar may simply be the excitement that the new has brought to many artists, the sense that something good may finally happen at Disney. "From an artist's POV," says Copic, "there's excitement, and legend and background and all the rest, will wait to do their best for [Lasseter], that can't be said for anybody in that chair in the last 10 years." M



WE'RE STALKING... LINDSAY LOHAN

She may have ruled opening night of New York's Fashion Week, scoring a victory over *Colony* and *Shine*—but the budding star of *Freaky Friday* is well. Late for the Marc Jacobs show, movie background would help get her a seat, and Chanel designer Karl Lagerfeld laughed at the idea of seeing her on the floor of a runway, saying he likes more "undisturbed" faces. Meanwhile, younger stars: Almost all her *Freaky Friday* fans like to see the runaway—upgrading hip sis.

Jumbo TV screens, pre-game banter: is this the venerable art of classical music?

BY NANCY MACDONALD • The refrain is maddeningly familiar: "Canada's orchestras are in crisis," painfully well-known, often in the mainstream, ongoing. The diagnosis—unusually good—is that it's nominal. And yes, in November, the Vancouver Symphony Orchestra suffered a plummet of hope when, for a second consecutive year, it posted a surplus. Subscriptions are up, and so are single-ticket sales. That's a U-turn for a symphony once plagued by a dramatic deficit and a murky future.

It's one of them in the classical world have straggled. Over the past decade or so, orchestras, realizing the old model was hopelessly flawed, have adopted a new strategy, scoring up the show. As the Vancouver Symphony's marketing director, Alan Gove, puts it, "The VSO was focusing its imagery on people in tuxedos, saying to the world at large, if you're not dressed like this and if you don't have the kind of money the people have in our city, then don't bother coming." Now a terrific approach to both programming and marketing after 180 has turned things around.

Born in Montreal, Tovey attended the new school of anatomy; he's charismatic and candid. "If orthodoxy demands a rigid distance between art and science and dispassion," Tovey writes, that line has been "blurred again and again." In 2009, he engaged the audience with his trademark wicked pre-game banter, asking the winner to pick out the breast section's anatomy of an arm-and-uterus in Shakespeare's *Lear*, and, in pointing out the calf's stance across patterns in Edgar's *Splendour* No. 1—that, too, isn't so much like footprints. Informal and informative, Tovey's talks are devoid of the affectation that inheres the second one.

"We're not Emerson," admits Gore, 35, "but composers are human beings and they write about the same things that as writers write about now. Britney Spears might write a song about rebelling against authority and

feeding out heterosexual intimacy—well, that's exactly what Tchaikovsky did. And Brannert trying to tell people that." In so doing, the VSO is turning on its head the old credo which demands veneration from the audience, but simultaneously argues that art not made, or cannot, be understood.

Inspired by *Tomb Raider*'s success, the VSO took the new strategy one step further. Two years ago, in a pioneering move that spoiled classical purists, they brought in jungle action that project the action shots ranging from *Tomb Raider*'s swinging, farnwood brow, to the delicate fingerwork of the violin. By demon-

'Britney Spears may write a song about feeling out her sexual maturity. That's just what Tchaikovsky did.'

...fying the experience, the screens, used for some concerns but not all, are doing for the symphony what samurai have done for opera (another Canadian first): clipping away at the invisible barrier that exists between the

There are more familiar snaks, too. The race of glamorous virtuoso leap from the pages of the program guide. South Sea? It looks a thousand miles away, but French horn players aren't here and unassuming 30-year-olds, not 24-year-olds who ride their sleazeballs to recitals. The orchestra has

plored pop crossovers, teaming up with James Arden and Spirit of the West. Next month, they'll accompany iconic American pop composer Sam Bacharach on hits such as *What the World Needs Now Is Love*. Thanks to new hires, the orchestra is peopled with young fists, including the hip concertmaster, Mark Fowler, who has recorded with the Starred-Ladies in the past and recently played *The Oboe at the Sea* (American composer John Adams' ode to California), performed, as it always is, on a six-string electric violin.

According to Gave, the results are way down up to the boxoffice. The average ticket buyer is a half decade younger than five years ago—and is likely to be dancing longer at FutureBlink. The VMO is also capturing an even younger crowd. In the crowd of its widely successful Kids' Bonanzas, named after grade schoolers, it recently created a Tiny Tim series for the 11-year-old singer's art. Its rock concerts sold out. It's not *Bella Dancerella*, but says Gave, "There wasn't anything in Vancouver for infants or their parents, so we [did a need the mother had defined."

Will music benefit? Or is the graduate diseased, trivialized? Gove admits he's caught up in larger battle: "between the very notion of artistic integrity" and the "divorced notion of marketability" that he thinks the two cannot exist. You can simultaneously challenge your audience by programming great works and expand your base with savvy PR. And at the end of the day, at least some one's listening.

OF THE WEEK SON OF DORK After star Daxxel Raderliff was trying to raise a boy band Meffly when he told an interviewer "I couldn't even play their instruments. The band members of another band, Son of a Defiled Meffly with their own instruments, I'm a lot of shit," and Dork's James Roome going to Kick his ass.

PERFORMANCE OF THE WEEK SON OF BOBK

Perhaps Harry Potter star Daniel Radcliffe was trying to hint a spell over the UK.ICY:band Meffly when he told an interviewer the band members couldn't even play their instruments. The spell clearly failed because members of another band, Son of Dork, stepped in to defend Meffly with their own incantations: "Daniel Radcliffe talks a lot of shit," and Dork's James Bourne "We and Meffly are going to kick his ass."

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AT 'BOUTIQUE' STORE SOMAKINO in Vancouver's Yaletown, local artists are commissioned to provide an ever changing interior

Get it while it's hot. Good luck if you're not.

Stores that pop up then vanish are the latest in retail chic

BY ANNE KIRKSTON • Arrived in shiny black Raf Simons trousers, faded black Ann Demeulemeester jacket and white Robert Cary Williams T-shirt with bullet holes in it, Campbell McDougall poses as an unlikely "punkette" (the bullet holes are for stylistic effect only). It's in the rubric of modern art, that's what he is.

McDougall's menswear shop, Komakino, located on the fringe of Vancouver's Yaletown, is indeed subversive, in an art-concept up-scale-retail way. Fashion-forward designs by Martin Margiela, Ric Owens and Yohji Yamamoto hang on crinkly rolling racks in the 1,300-sq.-foot walk-in closet space. The store doesn't advertise its website (its address is 701-1111, Comcast) nor McDougall's cellphone number. If it all seems mysterious, that's the business plan. Next August, a year after opening, Komakino will close, then reappear somewhere else. Where, McDougall doesn't know.

Such are the buzz-and-wag vagaries of "punkette retailing" stores that pop up as expected for hours, days or months, then vanish or morph into something else. The trend began in 2001, inspired by American Rust Miller, who set up transient one-woman Vanu around the world to sell limited-edition goods and exclusive items. Subscribers are given email notices of a new location hours before the opening. Now even such recreational retailers and brands as Target, Nike, JCPenney, Levi's and eBay have copied the concept.

In 2004, the Japanese label Comme des Garçons created the first long-term pop-up, opening its Garville Store in Berlin. Located with no apparent irony in the former Karl Marx Bookstore, it became a fashionista mecca, the first of 20 locations slated to stay open only a year whether profitable or not.

If pop-up stores didn't exist, a store would have to invent them: they're perfect, literal

embodiment of the here-and-now, ephemeral retail ethic, of the bulk in obscurity at the core of the consumer dynamic. Brands and retailers love them because they create buzz, provide an incubator for new ideas, and permit targeted market research. Shoppers in search of "the next" receive "insider" brandtation. Pop-ups can also provide populist buzz fits—turning a dodgy neighborhood into a destination or, like old-fashioned craft shows, allowing crafters exposure to those who can't afford refrigerators.

McDougall, a "champsomthing" Calgary native in fashion retail for 16 years, was co-

Komakino doesn't advertise. To call, one must know the owner's cellphone number.

roduced to the pop-up concept in Tokyo-based Berlin while shopping for brass, his 7,400-sq.-foot Vancouver clothing-lifestyle emporium. The store was rivers for its cutting-edge designs but was financially unviable. Over five years, brass closed in January 2005.

Kamakino, named after a song by indie rock Sonic Youth, has been profitable since opening last August. Monthly rent is "a minor percentage" of last's \$10,000. Displays are fabricated from found objects: tables from stacked coffee tables painted white, a mirrored cabinet that holds such necessities as a \$120 Raf Simons tie and

a \$196 Yves Saint Laurent leather wrist cuff.

Komakino operates on an underground vibe. Customers are called from brass's e-mail list. Cellphone-only access allows 147 admissions, theoretically "if someone from a hotel calls at 11 p.m. and wants to see a shirt, I'll try to make it happen," McDougall says. Early buzz was such that Robby Williams dropped by and bought a Yohji Yamamoto jacket.

McDougall enjoys naming a finger to the "downtown" —the Prada and Gucci who stink millions into their stores and they're the templates we see them as. Critical of the four-backs-on-every-corner retail-landscape system, he commissions local artists to provide an ever-changing interior. With every store, McDougall plans to change the Komakino graphics, courtesy to brand-building studios. The "punkette" concept is for everyone, he says. Still, he has inspired Vancouver designer Jacquelinna Mandula to open a small space in Yaletown in April. She intends to stay in to eight months before moving on.

The next pop-up frontier is restaurants. In Paris, acclaimed chef Alain Passard recently created a "restaurant ephemère" in a department store. In Toronto, chef-patron Heston Blumenthal vanished after five months. In Amsterdam, Zoma, a two-month venture, had specious backing to a downtown neighborhood. How long the pop-up trend will continue is anybody's guess. Impermanence is the only constant. Which means ever-planned insurance won't last forever. ■



WHAT THEY GOT FOR IT... ANGLO-SAXON COIN

A 1,200-year-old coin that spent a millennium lost on a street has been bought by the British Museum for the record price of \$713,000. The "treasure" carried the name of Constantine, the King of Merida and a reference to "the trailing place of London," indicating the coin was meant for trading rather than ceremony. The coin was discovered by an amateur treasure hunter using a metal detector.



FOR TRAIT PROCASTINATORS, putting off things—just put work, be paying the bills and doing the laundry—is a way of life.

Sorry my procrastination assignment is late

A counsellor tries to get students to kick a bad habit. He just doesn't understand.

BY KATE FLEMING • One recent Wednesday noon the counselling group for procrastinators met at York University in Toronto, but although nine students had signed up, only three got around to attending, and one of them struggled in so many ways. Clary Lay, a second-year psychology professor who has led groups for students for more than a decade, leaned in this kind of way. A self-proclaimed "heavy-duty procrastinator" and pioneering researcher of procrastination in academic settings, Lay says many procrastinators suffer from neurotic insecurities: they're unable to focus on everyday details such as showing up on time.

His disclaimer in the group is friendly but blunt. "Your goal this week was to do your readings, right?" he asked Karen, who nodded cheerfully, then announced, "Well, I didn't. My other things came up, like the Center Fair. And I'm getting married!"

Lay looked alarmed. "Why?"

"In September," she said, with a shrug, she acknowledged being the procrastinator of the event and postponing it in to take your final shopping. But that's not the other option is showing through some dreary course readings.

"It's not enough to have a goal. You need to have specific plans for what you're going to do every day," said Lay. "In a Daytime."

"I try to do my agenda," sighed Karen, fishing a Daytime out of her purse, but she said I need to give up certain people in my life. "I mean, you that a friend had suggested in the course possible seems like that Karen

about to get out of adults say they procrastinate on meeting assignments there are also "train procrastinators," who when putting off things—just put work, be paying the bills and doing the laundry—is a way of life. The most difference between procrastinators and procrastinators, Lay believes, is how they view emotions. For the latter group, procrastination is a responsibility to be lived up to. For procrastinators, it's more like a task. Procrastination is strongly correlated in the research with low conscientiousness and, as a consequence, optimism. Somehow, the procrastinator thinks, things will magically work out.

"You're going to plan a party at the expense of your school work," Lay concluded.

"Pretty much," Karen said, smiling, then he understood. "Because he didn't. You like planning parties," Lay continued. Karen shook her head emphatically. "No! They're supposed to tell you to do your work," said Lay. Karen was at a loss to explain the debate mechanisms of female friendship, whereby Cold War-like hostilities can be regarded by a failure to elaborate holidays.

Seventy per cent of college students and

"Once you're forward an intention, you have a responsibility to follow through—a responsibility to yourself, and whether to be responsible to it," Lay asked the students.

It turned out the two students the group had managed to follow through on one of last week's intentions: changing the address on his driver's license, a task he'd been putting off for months. "It only took five minutes," he said, then confessed that the rest of his intentions were derailed by the arrival of a new house on retirement grounds.

Lay gave everyone a handout, a to-do list program, if you will. Number 1: We must spend more time working on tasks that are most important. Number 2: We must be prepared to give up spending time on a task if it's not as important. Work even if you're not in the mood, making yourself to do creates the mood.

"The only person you can have a moral obligation to is the person of success in life," he told the group. "Every day, you can feel successful simply by living up to your response before yourself. You don't need to wait for the grade on the paper, or the paycheck."

Afterward he admitted, "There's nothing negative association between having a procrastinator and grade point average—that's something you don't want to put up to this group, but it's what the research indicates." Nevertheless, he points out, "There are serious consequences to procrastination, particularly in a medical context. People who procrastinate definitely procrastinate about going to the doctor when they have physical symptoms of illness. It's been shown that the rate of procrastination for the difference between a B or an A or an A+, but quite another to put off seeing a doctor about symptoms of cancer."

And then he looked at his watch, and told the students waiting outside his office they'd have to come back. He was late for class. ■

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MOST IMPROVED... MARIAH CAREY

The famous singer describes herself as a "musical procastinator" who has been "half-way in the weight thing." As a result, she's grown with confidence of being watched whenever she leaves her private high-end home short-handed to make peace with her heavy-lidded style clothes, often at home alone, and at last. To keep things light during these bedroom boudoirs, she's taken to wearing a little "I'm like, 'Whatever, nobody is looking at me for once.'"

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SCOTT PODZUS

The XX Olympic Winter Games are now under way, delivering the sort of eye-opening, heart-pounding excitement that can only be generated by the spectacle of awarded sportsmen proceeding down a bobsled quadrunner up the icy slopes. As the medals will be won, glory will be achieved, cups will be passed into—and many of us will for some reason devote hours of our lives to viewing some stupid sport that, were it not airing during the Olympics, we wouldn't watch on anything less than a double dog dose. What follows is a schedule of key events to watch for in the coming days of the Games. And let's not forget there's a little bit of Canada's medal haul in store: With our athletes making diverse gains, deficits with great frequency in international TV, we would be a nation more likely to obtain sympathy over than kind-hearted foreigners to be so far from the game, which is nice. Feb. 14: Olympic press conference at which Olympic drug-testing officials insist

In keeping with ice dancing's long-standing tradition, medals will be presented just prior to the competition

they have made important strides in detecting athletes who are doped up. Followed closely thereafter by the usual of every single snowboarder at the Games flexing his or her muscles and making a run for it.

Feb. 15: As the Canadian women's hockey team plays another world against by the way, it is one year ago, some seven years ago, that the women's world began to inspire winter events that would make for more entertaining competitors at the Games—making Prosecco Driveway Shave-It-Up, Pledge Licking and the 100-Mile Unassisted Downhill Scramble.

Feb. 16: Meeting of the board of the International Olympic Committee. Session begins with the traditional recitation of the IOC's official motto of responsibility. "The back stops there... money over there—unless it's a financial back we're talking about, in which case, game!"

Feb. 17: Extended day of a wildcat strike by the staff of the Italian Olympic Village. The athletes will make it in somehow but have been overworked trying to make sure that for meeting, program announcements to accompany the dozens of stirring profiles of athletes who have triumphed over adver-

sity to reach the Games. (As a result of the labour dispute, all athletes on American TV will feature today's new weatherman Al Roker, beginning the chase to Chandra of Fire.)

Feb. 18: The official midway point in the marathon viewing of the 2006 Winter Games is marked in my home with the presentation (on the gold medal in the 10-km Above Whisker's Health) of my wife. The winner went out—my wife is no longer in tech, steady state is—got up from the sofa.

Feb. 19: Orlando Bloom has no apparent connection to the Games, but I can reliably informed that a columnist's bad relationship with a woman wears when the hockey star's name is printed in bold text.

Feb. 20: Participants in the ice dancing event prevent their original program. In keeping with the sport's longstanding tradition, the presentation of medals to the triumphant duo will take place prior to the competition.

Feb. 21: Initiated day of the obligatory retelling of American history of the Miracle on Ice. During the 1980 Lake Placid Games, the American "impossible" hockey team, very in Lake Placid was miraculously credited with making an economic recession and ending an agonizing end of the Cold War. With the benefit of four more years' hindsight, it's a miracle that Mike Eruzione and company will this time be credited with caring, compassion, writing most of the songs on London Calling and enjoying coasting. Feb. 22: This is the day of the all-important first program in ladies' figure skating. Or as it's destined to be referred to by nervous-sweaty ladies: Thursday.

Feb. 24: Women's world Olympic profile longer may be serving in the IOC's mission to show that it is a kind of world with no danger. "Mish Mish Mish. As if this was a going to win anything."

Feb. 26: Men's gold medal hockey game. If Canada makes the final, industry officials predict the national TV audience for the game could reach 10 million viewers. Or, as just Gaudy would call it, "the over."

Feb. 26: Under the watchful eye of IOC president Jacques Rogge, a large crowd is held during the closing ceremonies and prepared for bringing to Vancouver. Up next are printed the words "Winning. Can't beat this!" Do Not Open TV 2006? R

ON THE WAY Check out Scott Podzus's blog on the "Winter Games in Turin—Win Big on the Olympics—beginning Friday, Feb. 10 at www.macleans.ca/turin

Scott Podzus can be reached at spodzus@post.quebec.ca



ROB-TENDER

Score a star in Beerbot's "belly"—it's also much a wild one and gave us your goals, from free. Two no stars are not unusual. The rest of the world expects. Finally, a useful robot.



YOU CAN CALL THEM AL

Eric Scott Cooper and Robby Douglas are in Turin. Shady A. Gosh or B. Shady, a natural. Billie's film. Don't miss their dueling. Al Proctor's impressions over the closing credits.

ALL BETS ON MEIN

U.K. folk-electronics veteran Beth Orton has always wooed. Inspired with her delicate guitar-picking, mopey voice and lyrical lyrics about love. On *Conjunct* of Sonnetage, she's also back to pushing the piano in a place we remember. Live South. Hi. Most—only cooler.

LOST YOUR KEYS? YOUR CELL?

Well, the product you've only dreamed of (while searching for the remote) is on last stages of development. Looklike uses radio to find your pre-programmed items—up to 20 at a time. (www.looklike.com)

BULIMIA, CUFFING, AND STOS—IN SHORT FORM

For the Deppes started: go to www.the-deppes.com for the latest of The Next Generation (last March 17).

Monty Python, tennis outfits, '70s robes, the Beerbot and something to help you find your keys in our compendium of things that make life worth living

PHYSICIAN, NEAL THYSELF

The sculpt sharp stories in *138* (the Vincent Van Gogh), *Bloodstain* & *Abstract* Curve, sink in the mind like stitches in the body. Margaret Atwood and Wynne O'Neil are fans of the book, take it from us. Don't try to stay busy on their way to becoming doctors.

TRAGEDY TO TRUMP

This year Maclean's anniversary is over, but the contrary of Shostakovich's *Hamlet*—but many of the country's or cinema are honoring the Russian composer as well. (www.shostakovich.com)

FOR YOUR INNER NEPHER

Lavinia's not base, American Apple continues to bring back the best of the '70s—like the Loop. Roger Rosenblatt. When it comes to what's making that sound, the author's style to the paper, Maclean's style.

MIND THE GAP—BETWEEN US AND BLONDIE

The London Transport Museum's new poster for the tube transportation is giving. Pop, as the poster is, it does with all other genres, makes up the Circle Line. Next stop, Omit. (www.londontransport.com)

HAIRSHAKENING

To be all that clock's there, you have to remember a four-piece puzzle—shot from its lid when the buzzer goes off. And don't think they can put you in the game. Puzzle. Alena Glushko. Alena Glushko. Alena Glushko. It's a great choice for positive, aggressive gift-giving.



MIRED IN MUSKEG

In 1941, the National Gallery of Canada commissioned Group of Seven painter A.Y. Jackson and Alanna H.G. Glyde to document the building of the Alaska-Canada Highway—a "near impossible" engineering feat. The *Yukon Arts Centre's The Road* brings together three and additional works by Canadian artists—including rare photos and contemporary poetry on its construction. (Until March 12.)

THE BEST OF TV ON THE WEB

Mixed James Stewart being played by Oprah! Jon Stewart laying a smackdown on *Conan*? Search *YouTube.com*, a video sharing site that's also known to suggesting and clips—George Harrison and Paul Simon on *SNL*, or James Brown at Boston Garden.

STELLAR

Archie has teamed up with designer Stella McCartney for its women's line—which made its spectacular debut on the look of Maria Rinko at the Amsterdam Open. McCartney has updated the "Nike Nighties," pairing black-orange and monkey with with an even younger Russian multi-prodigy. Highlights include water beads, loose over-eyers—and a super-soft, cleavage-hoodie.



THE PYTHONS LIVE ON

Beginning Feb. 22, PBS will air Monty Python's *Personal Best*—six one-hour specials (each focusing on one member of the original cast), mixing live clips with new footage.

ROBERT 'DOC' SAVAGE

1911-2006

A veteran of the 1935 On To Ottawa Trek, he had the 'soul of a gypsy' and the heart of a Communist

Robert "Doc" Savage was born on July 30, 1911, in the sleeping town of Butehead, England, on the left bank of the Mersey River, just opposite Liverpool. He was one of four children born to Robert and Catherine Savage, who worked in cotton, delivering goods. They died during an influenza epidemic when Doc was five years old, so he and his siblings were sent to an orphanage nearby.

Close 1921, Doc was among hundreds of thousands of "home children" shipped to Canada to work as indentured servants. The trip was sweetened by the gift of an orange for each child from the boat porter. But when Doc arrived at a farm outside Peterborough, Ont., affection was replaced with instant work details and a bed in the barn. Soon after, Doc saw the farmer's son wearing his clothes and the buckled shoes he himself had given him before the boat departure. He ran away. "That's when I put Doc's feet on the road to the left," says his friend Tina Hawken, a follower in British Columbia.

Doc, who had "the soul of a gypsy," according to his daughter Bonnie Bernan, "wondered his way across the country and back a couple of times" looking for work. He joined a Communist youth league, and eventually became a founding member of the Communist group *Fronting a Communist* (symbolizing during the Great Depression, the national defence department headed him and thousands of other single and unemployed men into relief camps to build roads). "We were isolated, and it was poor conditions. It seemed hopeless," recalls Tina Hawken, 93, adding that Doc earned his meagre cash doing his wounded work. "He was very radical, of course. He stood up for what he believed in."

In 1935, Doc was one of eight men chosen to lead the camp workers on their On To Ottawa Trek to protest against the Conservative government of Prime Minister R.B. Bennett. "[Doc] was one of those inspirational leaders," says Bill Walker, author of *All Hell Gave Up Its Gun*. Men piled atop train boxcars and hung to the car walls. The Trek gained support in Golden, B.C., the local women cooked all night for the strikers. "They had big beards, and the rednecks, and [they were] blood with stars," remembers Walker in Saskatchewan. The Trek endured violence: the Anglin Riot broke out between unsupporting strikers and police. Bennett, who sent the eight delegates there, made them stand for over an hour while

he berated them in a small office. But public support for their cause was strong that the eight eventually arrived in Ottawa, and gained employment assistance on the way to the federal capital.

After the Trek, Doc gave up train for boat. He served in the merchant marine during the Second World War, and returned with stories about having met Gandhi, though he didn't like him. Doc later worked as an engineer on freighters and ocean tugs, and as a whaler. But he worked more time with his wife, Agnes, whom he met in Vancouver and married in 1945. "She was very much a lady," says Bonnie, "and she knew how to handle him." Doc became a voluntary engineer, managing boiler rooms, and would take his wife boat-riding. "He was strict," she remembers, "but I was strictly daddy's girl."

When Agnes died in 1984, Doc sold the house they'd built in Moncton, N.B., and moved to Quebec, a town 600 km north of Vancouver. In "the gold pan city," Doc walked 32 km every day to pan. "It's a lot of work, and the bugs are painful, but he loved it," says Bonnie. Gold made its way into Doc's garden: the soil at his porous patch was so rich that the wheat stems sparkled with gold flakes. To Bonnie went a small bottle of gold worth \$10. "We got to be friends," he says. As part of a 1984 Trek reunion, they went to Ottawa to display their discoveries with goldminers, including Brian Mulroney. "Doc said that while he didn't like Conservative policy any more now than he did then, he was at least happy that this prime minister offered us a chair," remembers Hawken.

Recently Doc broke his legs, he couldn't get around. He took up singing labour songs from his youth, including the Trek march *Hold the Fort and for Hill*, about an escaped labour revolutionary. Hawken describes Doc's voice as "low and melodic and slow." Sometimes he sang translations of Soviet propaganda as themes. "He always had a twinkle in his eye," says Hawken. "He knew some of these songs were almost laughable, but he enjoyed knowing a few verses of them."

On Jan. 26, 2006, Robert "Doc" Savage, 94, died of liver cancer at the G.R. Baker Memorial Hospital in Quebec. He was the last of the On To Ottawa delegates. His funeral was attended by anarchists, pacifists, friends, family and strangers. He was buried in labour songs, the last of which were, "Doc'll sail his never-dried ship." With Doc's ashes will be scattered a pinch of his gold dust.

BY CATHY KOGAN

LIVING WITH HIGH CHOLESTEROL
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